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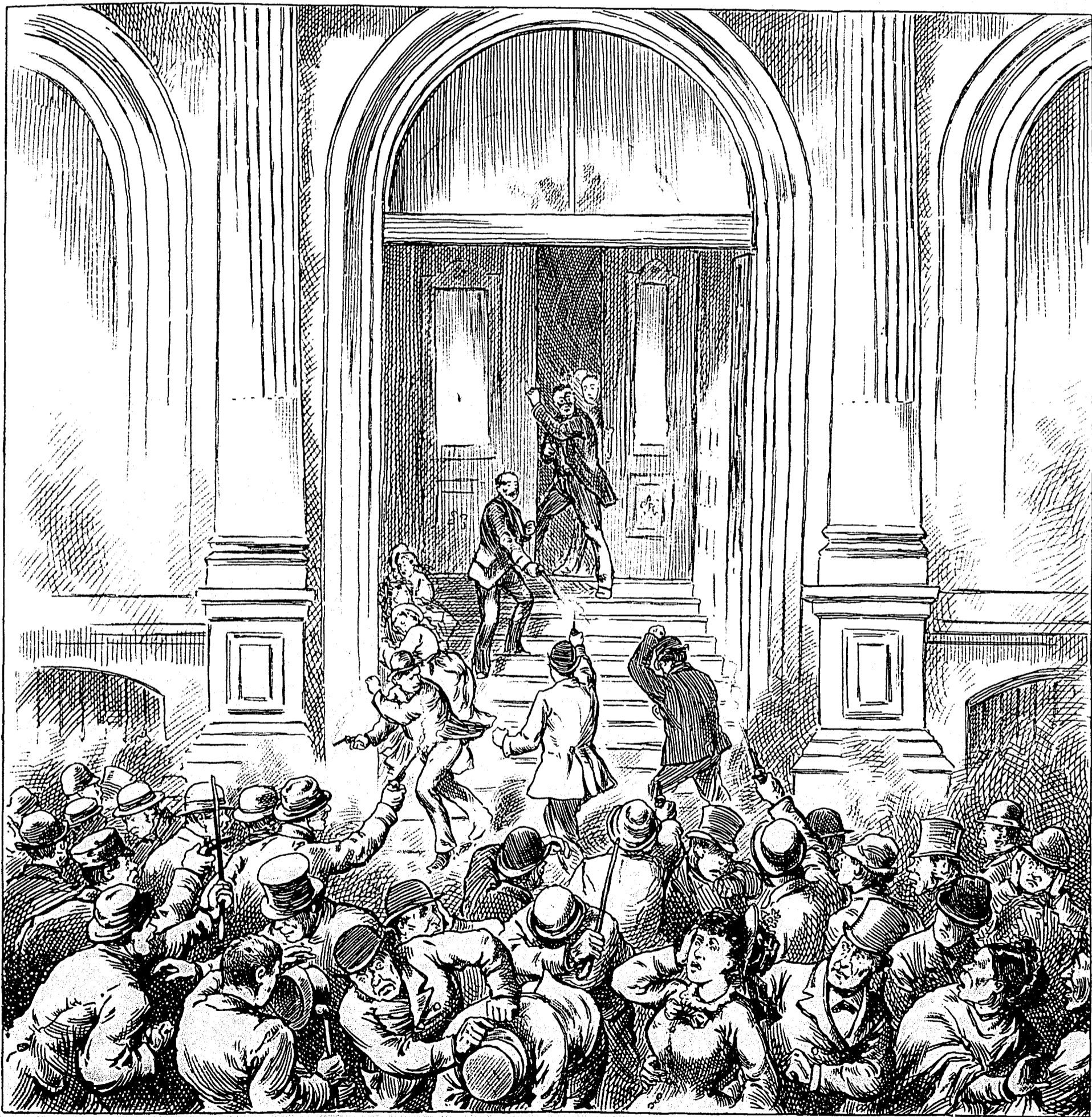
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MONTREAL.—THE 12TH JULY RIOT. THE MURDER OF HACKETT ON THE STEPS OF DUNN & CO., VICTORIA SQUARE.
FROM A SKETCH BY A. LEROUX, EYE WITNESS OF THE WHOLE, AND AT WHOSE FEET THE VICTIM FELL DEAD.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 21st, 1877.

THE POETS WARNING TO FRANCE.

Marshal MacMahon's appeal to the army at the grand review at Longchamps, on the 1st July, has added very much to the feeling of uneasiness which is at present reigning in France. High-handed measures are feared, and what one year ago would have been deemed impossible is now regarded as probable—the employment of force to counteract the Republican majorities at the polls. Observant men cannot help recurring to historical precedents applicable to the present situation. Among these the great poet VICTOR HUGO may be said to have recalled the most startling and personal reminiscence. At a meeting of one of the committees of the Senate, at which the VISCOUNT DE MEAUX, Minister of Commerce, was present, the subject of the dissolution of the Assembly was taken up. At the close of the discussion, VICTOR HUGO stated that he had resolved to take no part in the debate, in the hope that an essential question would be put, and preferring that it should be put by another than himself. He availed himself of the presence of the Minister to address himself to him directly, and to this effect: It is impossible that the President and the members of the new Cabinet shall not have taken into consideration a possibility which we regard as a certainty—the event of the Chamber to-day dissolved coming back three months hence with an increased Republican majority, and—which is even more important—with its power and authority increased by its newly-renewed charter of existence and the decisive vote

of sovereign France. In the presence of this Chamber, which will be at once the old one repudiated by personal power, and the new one ordained by the popular sovereignty, what will the Government do? What are its plans? What line of action will it follow? Will the President simply do his duty, which will be to obey the nation and retire, and will the Cabinet disappear with him? He put this question to the member of the Cabinet present, categorically and absolutely. It was impossible to avoid answering it. Either the Minister would answer it and he would record his reply, or he would refuse to answer it and he would take note of his silence. In either case his end would be attained, for whether he spoke or remained mute, the sort of light he desired would be afforded.

In the midst of a dead silence, the VISCOUNT DE MEAUX rose and said: "The question propounded by M. HUGO should be addressed only to the Marshal. It exceeds the powers of his Ministers to answer it." This reply was received with marks of agitation by several of the Republicans present, and M. Hugo continued: "You have heard the answer. I will reply to M. DE MEAUX by citing a fact which has for him an almost personal interest. A gentleman nearly allied with him, a leading orator of the Right, my friend in the Chamber of Peers and my opponent in the Legislative Assembly, M. de MONTALEMBERT, after the crisis of July, 1851, though then having intimate relations with the Elysée, became uneasy as to the possible intentions of the then President, LOUIS NAPOLEON, who was, by the way, loudly asseverating his loyalty. M. de MONTALEMBERT desired me, in the name of our ancient friendship, to make, in his name and in my own, the inquiry of M. BAROCHE, then of the Cabinet, which I have just made of the DE BROGLIE Administration represented by M. de MEAUX. The reply was precisely that which has just been made to me. Three months after took place the crime which is known in history as the Second of December."

THE FATE OF TURKEY.

Whatever may be the issue of the war, it appears evident that, so far as British interference is concerned, that will hinge mainly, if not solely, on the fate of Constantinople. In his now famous despatch to Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, Lord DERBY indicated clearly enough that Russia must not calculate upon the occupation of the Turkish capital. A few days ago we learned by telegraph that Lord ODO RUSSELL, Ambassador at Berlin, repeated the same thing to BISMARCK. In his reply to the English Foreign Secretary, GORTSCHAKOFF gives very explicit promises on this and other points which it is well for those of our readers who follow the events of the war to have placed before them. The Russian Chancellor says that his Government will not interfere in any way with the Suez Canal, nor attack Egypt, although it might carry the war into that country as forming part of Turkey. The acquisition of Constantinople, it is further declared, is excluded from the views of the Czar, and the future of the city is a question of common interest, to be settled by a general understanding. The question of the Straits should be settled in like manner. With regard to the other British interests which might be affected, Russia will not extend the war beyond what is required for the object with which she undertook hostilities, viz., the amelioration of the condition of the Christians under Turkish rule. In conclusion, Prince GORTSCHAKOFF says that there is nothing in the views which have been exchanged between the two Governments which cannot be reconciled so as to maintain their amicable relations and the peace of Europe.

This reply has been variously interpreted in England, but it has not allayed apprehension in regard to the distinct challenge concerning Stamboul. It is understood that the Russians carried away by victory may not consider themselves bound to fulfil the

pledges of diplomacy, and may plead the force of public opinion as an excuse. Everybody remembers that Germany always repudiated the idea of territorial aggrandizement till the siege of Paris, when BISMARCK announced that the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine was so much of a necessity that he would not dare to return to Berlin if it was not consummated. And so it may be with Stamboul in the day of Russian triumph. What the feeling in St. Petersburg already is may be gathered from the following extract of the *Novoye Vremya*: "We must bestir ourselves to gain possession of Constantinople. It is only after solidly planting our foot there that the Eastern Question can be settled and the Christians freed. Constantinople is the limit of our desires and of our aim. There is the sun of Christian liberty. The West will always raise up obstacles against it. 'The conqueror of Constantinople,' said Napoleon, 'will be master of the world.' It is we who approach nearest to Constantinople, geographically and historically, and the Russian troops will enter there. As in former times, the West created there the Latin Empire, Russia will now erect the citadel of the domination of the Slav race in the East. Now that England is establishing herself on the Suez Canal, Russia takes up her position on the Bosphorus. The moment is propitious. What England acquires with her gold, we conquer by the valour of Russia's best children—by that valour of which the Russian nation has always boasted."

CATASTROPHISM, OR THE EVOLUTION OF ENVIRONMENT.

Under this title, we have a new theory brought forward by Mr. CLARENCE KING, an American professor of natural science, on the history of geological formation and progression. We are indebted to the *Scientific American* for an analysis of this remarkable address, delivered before the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. Mr. KING's starting point and cardinal doctrine is opposed to the slow evolution of DARWIN and HUXLEY, and he holds that the surface of the earth and climate have been subject to sudden changes called catastrophes, which include in their environment all types of life. From this statement is derived the name of the new principle which heads this article. Mr. KING reasons that marine fossils are found entombed in rocky beds far remote from present seas; and that these beds were once sea bottoms that have been upheaved by convulsions of nature. The earliest history of mankind is pregnant with catastrophe, and we have historic story and biblical record of its sudden and destructive energy. He calls to mind the vast and massive eruptions of the Pliocene basalt as seen upon our own continent. The great obvious changes in the rocky crust are referred to a few processes; the sub-aerial decay of continents, delivered by streams of land-detritus into the sea, the spreading out of these comminuted materials upon a pelagic floor, and lastly upheaval, by which oceanic beds were lifted up into subsequent land masses. All these processes he declares to have been more rapid in the past than now. Suddenness, world wide destructiveness, were the characteristics of geological changes. Periods of calm, like the present, are suddenly terminated by brief catastrophic epochs. Successive faunas and floras were created only to be extinguished by general cataclysms.

He believes in recurrent, abrupt accelerations of crust change, so violent as to destroy all life on the globe. He declares the idea to be the survival of a prehistoric terror, and is backed up by breaks in the great palaeontological record.

Of the geologic features of our continent, he says that beneath our America lies buried another distinct continent, which he calls Archaean America, made up of what was originally ocean beds lifted into the air and locally crumpled into vast mountain chains, which were in turn

eroded by torrents into mountain peaks. The original coast lines of this continent we may never be able fully to survey, but its great features, the lofty chains of the mountains which made its bones, were very nearly co-extensive with our existing systems, the Appalachians and Cordilleras. The canyon-cutting rivers of the present Western mountains have dug out the peaks and flanks of those underlying, primeval uplifts and developed an astonishing topography; peaks rising in a single sweep 30,000 feet from their bases, precipices lifting bold, solid fronts 10,000 feet into the air, and profound mountain valleys. The work of erosion, which has been carried on by torrents of the quaternary age, brings to light buried primeval chains loftier than any of the present heights of the globe.

At the close of the Palaeozoic age, two enormous masses of what, probably, were then continents began to sink, and as they disappeared, the present Atlantic and Pacific oceans appeared, while the sea-floor of a then ocean emerged, and became the new continent of America. Dividing this new continent was a sea, but catastrophe removed this sea and resulted in the folding up of mountain ranges 20,000 and 40,000 feet in height, thereby essentially changing the whole climate of the continent. Of the land life of the Mesozoic age we have abundant remains. The wonderful reptilian and avian fauna of the Mesozoic age is now familiar to all. But after the catastrophe, and the change of climate which must necessarily have ensued, this fauna totally perished.

After criticising the opinions of HUXLEY, LYELL, HUTTON, DARWIN, and others, he returns to the effects of sudden terrestrial or cosmical changes, and conceives that the effects of these changes would be, first, extermination; secondly, destruction of the biological equilibrium; and thirdly, rapid morphological change on the part of plastic species. When catastrophic change burst in upon the ages of uniformity, and sounded in the ear of every living thing the words "change or die!" plasticity became the sole principle of salvation. And plasticity is the key to survival and prosperity.

Our journal is not the place to discuss so scientific a subject as the above, but we thought we could do better than lay the novel ideas before such of our readers as take an interest in this very interesting topic.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE 12TH JULY RIOTS.—The special value of our front page, depicting the scene of the murder of Mr. HACKETT, on the 12th inst., is that it can be relied upon as correct in the minutest particular. The artist who made the sketch was himself at the foot of Dunn & Co.'s stairs, hemmed in by the crowd, whence he could not extricate himself, and witnessed everything that took place. His testimony is given elsewhere. HACKETT was killed at his very feet. The picture can therefore be accepted as the only correct representation of the terrible tragedy.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD IN QUEBEC.—We give two sketches of SIR JOHN's recent visit to Montreal and the Eastern Townships. The first represents him addressing the great assemblage at Sweetsburg, and the second delineates the torchlight procession in this city, on the night of the 7th inst. The procession is shown as it turned down from St. James Street into St. Lambert's Hill, and we vouch for its absolute correctness, as we witnessed the pageant from that point ourselves. The papers state that SIR JOHN's carriage was drawn by four horses, but at St. Lambert's Hill there were only two, as represented in the sketch.

ATTACK ON THE SENTRY OF THE MONTREAL CARBINIERS.—This is a view of the attack of a band of roughs, belonging to the Black Horse gang, on the sentry of the 65th Regiment, at the Quebec Barracks' gate. All the surroundings may be relied upon as correct.

WAR PICTURES.—We present our readers to-day with a series of pictures illustrating the Eastern war, as we have done every week, since the opening of hostilities.

A GALAXY OF LANDSCAPES.—This splendid page is composed of some of the most notable landscapes lately exhibited at the French Salon. It is worth preserving.

ESCAPE OF CAPTIVES.—This magnificent picture, which is most interesting as a study, commemorates the escape of a band of Greek captives during one of the numerous civil wars about a hundred years ago.

LONDON FIELD BATTERY IN CAMP.—In our present issue we give an illustration of London Field Battery E, now in camp at London, Ontario. This Battery, commanded by Major John Peters, has become one of the very best drilled Batteries in the Dominion, and their drill is always witnessed by the citizens of London and vicinity, with pleasure. The Battery is made up of a smart active lot of young men, who by their proficiency in gun practice, show the result of good efficiency and careful training.

PROTECTION TO AGRICULTURE.

Free Traders speak of Agriculture as an industry which subsists and prospers without protection. The assertion is utterly groundless, in at least one particular. If it is more prosperous than other industries it is because it has had more protection. Free Traders do not perceive, and perhaps some Protectionists have not noticed, that no industry in Canada is so highly and regularly protected as agriculture. But because this kind of protection commenced before we were born, and continued with as much regularity as the rising and setting of the sun ever since, most persons have come to regard it as part of agriculture, being unable to separate the one from the other, or refer either to its proper principle. There is not a free grant settler in Canada who has not got a bounty from Government for becoming a farmer.

Lands are surveyed, roads opened, bridges built, streams rendered navigable, and, even, in some instances, railways constructed through the forest, at the public expense. Inasmuch as these expenditures add to the value of the land to be settled, they constitute a bounty on agriculture. The manufacturer asks protection, only when he has produced something ready to sell. The farmer is protected, and gets a bounty from Government, before he produces anything, or sets foot on the land he is going to occupy. Who pays for these improvements? Who pays this bounty on agriculture? The whole people, of course, and Canadian manufacturers, along with all others. But what do Canadian manufacturers get in return? Free Traders will doubtless say it enlarges the market for their manufactures. Now, this is practically false. Unless home manufacturers are enabled to compete with foreigners, it does not enlarge their markets the least. It rather opens up markets for foreign manufacturers. If one has to make bricks without straw the privilege is not worth much. The foreign manufacturers, who are not taxed at all for opening the new markets, can surely undersell the home manufacturers, who are heavily taxed for the purpose. This tax is, therefore, protection to the farmer and foreign manufacturer, but a burden to the home manufacturer. Protection is the secret of success in agriculture as in other things. Without such aid as I have described, to what a condition would agriculture retrograde? It has not sprung up in this country without protection any more than manufacturing can do. The application of Free Trade principles to agriculture would take the following form:—Under Free Trade, the surveying of Crown lands, the opening of colonization roads, the building of bridges, and the improvement of navigation, would be left to private enterprise. For doing these things at the public expense is giving agriculture a bounty on production and exports. It is just as bad as if Government were to give manufacturers free sites for their factories, and public aid in erecting buildings.

There is no doubt that were Government expenditures for these purposes to cease for ever, that the increase of population, and the demand for food would compel these things to be done by private enterprise. A government might simply enact that before any portion of the Crown lands could be appropriated, the persons wishing to do so would have to survey the same, and register a plan of it in the Crown Lands office. This is similar to the Free Trade theory with regard to home manufactures. It is that when there is a healthy demand for home manufactures they will be made without the aid of bounties, duties or protection.

One might say with equal force that when there is an effective demand for more food that new lands will be surveyed, made accessible and brought under cultivation without government aid of any sort. It is true that they would. Private enterprise would undertake these things before people would allow themselves to starve. But food would have to rise to a very high price before private persons would survey and settle the Crown lands without any Government aid.

It is precisely similar with manufacturing. Foreign goods have to be selling at very large profits before capitalists consider it safe to embark in home manufactures without protection at the start. Nearly all countries see the advantages of protecting agriculture, by bounties or duties or both, but only some countries see the equally great advantages of protecting home manufactures, in a similar way. It is in economy as in nature. The herbs which spring up spontaneously, are not the herbs of most value to mankind. On the contrary, the herbs of most value require to be planted and protected. It is the same with the animal kingdom. The animals which come to maturity without care are not those of most value to us. The animals of most value require shelter, care and protection from us throughout their whole lives. Hence, Free Trade is analogous to a *weed* or a *wolf*, requiring to be destroyed, on account of their tendencies to injure what is most useful to mankind. Free Trade is like a man falling into a river and saying to himself. If it is desirable that I shall be saved I shall reach land without effort, and if I perish it is evident that my survival is undesirable; but protection is like one, in a similar situation, feeling instinctively that life is desirable, and accordingly striking for the shore as quickly as possible.

W. DEWART.

Fenelon Falls.

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR BOY.

I have just finished reading an article headed, "What shall I do with my boy?" ending with the plea, "Answer me, dear mother; what shall I do?" I am not over fond of advising, but have had considerable experience with boys, being the mother of four fun-loving frolicsome ones.

First, dear young mother, keep your boy's heart; that is, provided you already have it. If you have not, the first step is to get it. Study boy-nature. I know of no study more thoroughly interesting. A sturdy, healthy boy, a real, live, romping, noisy boy is a living inspiration, in my opinion at least. Next convince your boy that you are his best friend. There are countless ways of convincing him; one is to make home a delightful spot, that is, provided it is within your power so to do. God pity the poor mothers that are wives of intemperate men otherwise unfitted for fatherhood. But even such mothers, if they are what they ought to be, can make home a desirable place for their boys. Their patient love and sympathy can make it a joy to be in their presence, even if there is something lacking in the home atmosphere.

Let the earnest growing boy play, even if the house is disordered, even if Mrs. Gossip and Mrs. Faulsticher do say they never saw such a topsy-turvy house. Ah, if we would only remember how fleeting their young days, how very, very soon, if they live, they will be strong, bearded men, and our homes will be painfully orderly. Will not the memory of dear boyish forms come fraught with pleasantness if we remember that we were patient and loving and helpful; that it was our influence blessed by the Omnipotent, that started the young feet heavenward? Let us exert ourselves to the utmost to have them feel as well as say, "There's no place like home."

Give your boy, when he is old enough, a pretty, comfortable room which he will take pride in showing to his friends, if you can afford it. Don't put all the pretty ornaments and tasteful knick-knacks in the parlor and spare room. Put them, at least some of them, in your boy's room. Hang pictures on the walls, (inexpensive ones will do,) pictures of flowers, birds, or landscapes, anything that will cultivate his taste and have a tendency to uplift him. Buy him books, sound instructive unexceptional books. Let him subscribe for a least one good paper, one that will help.

If, for the love of Him, we take to our home a little immortal being, and kindly minister to his welfare, we shall soon find that the heart, as well as the home, will open to the confiding touch of childhood. In blessing, we shall be blessed.

Near my own, is a home of wealth and culture, from which God has taken all the children. It seemed as if reason was tottering on its throne as the father watched the last child pass away, and, though years have gone, he is a mourner still. Would not a child-voice, in his quiet home, win his heart to its old cheerfulness? Would not some friendless little one blossom into a beautiful manhood or womanhood under the kindly influence of a title of the love which those parents lavished on their own darlings? Would not God reward them, even here, with the consciousness of having ministered to "one of these little ones?"

There are other homes, where there is "no baby in the house," that would be cheerier with bright child-faces in them. There are hearts chilled with care, and hardened by constant battling with the "stern realities" of life, into which a little child's love might creep, to warm and to soften, till they shall glow with generous impulse and prompt to noble deeds.

Many a lonely child might be more joyous, and more free from selfishness, with one to share its pastimes.

These rewards are with us, as results of our self-sacrifice; but the motive should be a desire to please and honor God, by striving to save at least one soul—leading it on, day by day, in the way of life, up to the very gate of heaven.

BURLESQUE.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.—"My folks are going to the country to be gone all summer!" enthusiastically exclaimed a little girl yesterday as she met another on Cass avenue.

"Your pa must be awful rich," replied the second.

"I never will—hope to die if I do."
"Well then pa was telling ma that we'd all go out to Uncle John's. Ma she'll work for her board, pa will work in the saw-mill, and I will pick berries and ride horse to plow corn, brother Tom will go round with a lightning-rod man, and while you folks are in the awful heat we'll be putting on airs and fixing over our old clothes for fall. Don't you tell, now, for ma is saying to everybody that she must have the country air to restore her shattered nerves."

FOURTH OF JULY.—"What do we have the Fourth of July for?" asked a Broadway boy of his ma.

"Fourth of July? why, Freddy, I'm ashamed of you. We have the fourth of July to celebrate the—husband, I declare I can't think for the moment, what is it?"

"Why, don't you know why we celebrate the Fourth. Who was it discovered America?"

"Christopher Columbus!" exclaimed the mother and boy simultaneously.

"Right and when did he discover it?"

"Why, on the Fourth of July of course," replied the mother, "but I've got the worst memory about these historical facts."

"That's it," said the wise father encouragingly, "Columbus discovered America on the Fourth of July and the nation celebrates the day in honour or the event. Freddy, I want you to study up. I should feel awfully mortified had you asked me such a question before company."

THE WIDOW FROM CINCINNATI.—A few weeks ago a Detroit widower of wealth and standing was waiting in the depot at Toledo for a train home, when he was approached by a good-looking woman, well dressed, highly educated, and so forth. She had tears in her eyes. Her hair was all mussed up. She seemed to have fallen through a bridge or been run over by an omnibus. "Sir, you look like a gentleman," she began, "and I want to ask a great, great favor of you. I live in Cincinnati, and am on my way to Detroit. I have lost my money, and I want to borrow my fare to Detroit." He gave it to her with great cheerfulness. He also paid her bill at the Island House. He also sat in the same seat with her during the rest of the journey. He found out that she had lost a dear husband about a year ago, and that she was now sighing for some one to love. She was handsome in his eyes, and he gave her money to pay her hotel bill, wrote several letters to her and was fast becoming "looney," when she appointed an interview and had "her brother" present. The said "brother" was going to shoot the widower right through the head, and the widow shed tears, fainted away and came to just in time to help count the \$300 which the Detroitier handed over to settle the case.

SAYS THE DANBURY MAN.—There are little trials and vexations of life which are too trifling to speak of, but which contribute largely to human misery. The young lady whose parents live next door to a young married couple is not on the road to unembarrassed happiness. Such a one reside on Pine street. She is in the delightful process of crystallizing a germ in the heart of a young man who is clerk in one of our fancy goods stores. On the afternoon of the Fourth he was sitting with her in the parlour, the windows open, the blinds closed, a delightful breeze floating in, and a subdued light over all. There was a moment of sweet silence. Each heart was afloat in a sea of dreamy speculation. Suddenly there came a voice from the next house—the voice of a young mother—

"Crissey, what are you doing out there?"

A very childish voice piped forth in reply—

"I'm eatin'."

"Eating what? Green apples?"

"Yes."

"Come away from there at once, you little torment."

"But I ain't eat but two," protested the childish voice.

"Two! My gracious! Come here this minute! till I poke you full of pills! I won't have you keeping me up all night with the gripes. Come here, I tell you, till I fix your insides!"

"Shall we go in the other room?" said the young lady crimsoning.

"Yes, oh, yes!" ejaculated the young clerk in a voice of horror, as he hastily prepared for a move.

VISIT TO AN OBITUARY POET.—He was a country-looking chap, with an odd mixture of sorrow and resignation on his lean countenance, and he dropped upon the startled advertising clerk of the—well, to save trouble, we won't locate the paper, but call it the *Sunday Union*—with the mysterious whisper of:

"She's gone!"

"Who's gone?" asked the clerk.

"Marier."

"Who in thunder's Marier?"

"My wife; she's gone!"

"Gone where?"

"Up above—died last night; want you to put it in your next issue."

"What ailed her?"

"Lockjaw. She lay for three weeks and

never spoke. Never had such a quiet time in the house before. Just do the notice up fine, will you, an' I'll see that everything is fixed up all right."

Accordingly the clerk scribbled away for a moment, handed out what he had written for inspection, and curtly remarked:

"Dollar thirty-five."

The bereaved husband read it over carefully, and finally gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"That's all right," said he, handing over the required specie, "but I s'pose you could put a verse on the end, couldn't you?"

"Well, yes," ruminated the clerk, "I guess so. What kind of a verse do you want?"

"Sumthin' tender-like an' sorrowful."

"How would this do?" asked the clerk, scratching his head with the end of his penholder:

A perfect female, folks did consider her,
She's gone an' left a weepin' widower!

"That's kinder melancholy," reflected the stranger, "but I reckon it's a little—jest a little—too personal. Jest you try again. I don't mind puttin' up hansom for sumthin' that'll rake folks' heart strings."

The clerk gazed at the ceiling for a moment, and then suggested:

The husband's lost a wife,
The children ma.
Died on Friday night,
From the lockjaw.

"Yes," broke out the mourner, wiping his nose on a black-bordered handkerchief, "but I don't own any young uns."

"What do you think of this, then?"

She always was contented,
At life she'd never carp,
Gone to be an angel
And play on a golden harp.

"Don't believe that'll suit. You see, Marier couldn't even play on a pianer, an' I know a harp would stump her sure. Poor woman! she had a tender heart, though, and made the most elegant biscuit you ver saw."

"Hanged if I won't have to charge you extra!" growled the clerk. "I ain't a Long-fellow or a Tennyson."

"I know," meekly replied the weepin' widower. "Jest try once more, won't you?"

So the clerk did try, and at last ground out the following:

On earth could not stay Marier,
So she died and went up higher.

"Sorter irreverent, ain't it?" anxiously asked Marier's relict. "I reckon I wouldn't grudge a couple of dollars for a bang-up verse."

Thus stimulated the machine poet became suddenly inspired and exultingly produced:

Cry for Marier,
Alas! she is no more—
Joined the singing seraphs
Upon the other shore.

The afflicted one uneasily took a chew of tobacco, and whispered:

"Beautiful! But there's one thing that spiles it. Marier hadn't any more melody in her than an old plow, an' it's deliberit lyin' to speak of her as a vocalist. None of them other syrups (seraphs) you alluded to could keep time with her."

"Well," thoughtfully remarked the discomfited Wood, "if this ain't all O. K. you'll have to hire a special poet. I'm played out!"

Affliction sore
Long time she bore;
Physicians were in vain!
Lockjaw ketched her,
Death it fetched her,
Gone—to rise again.

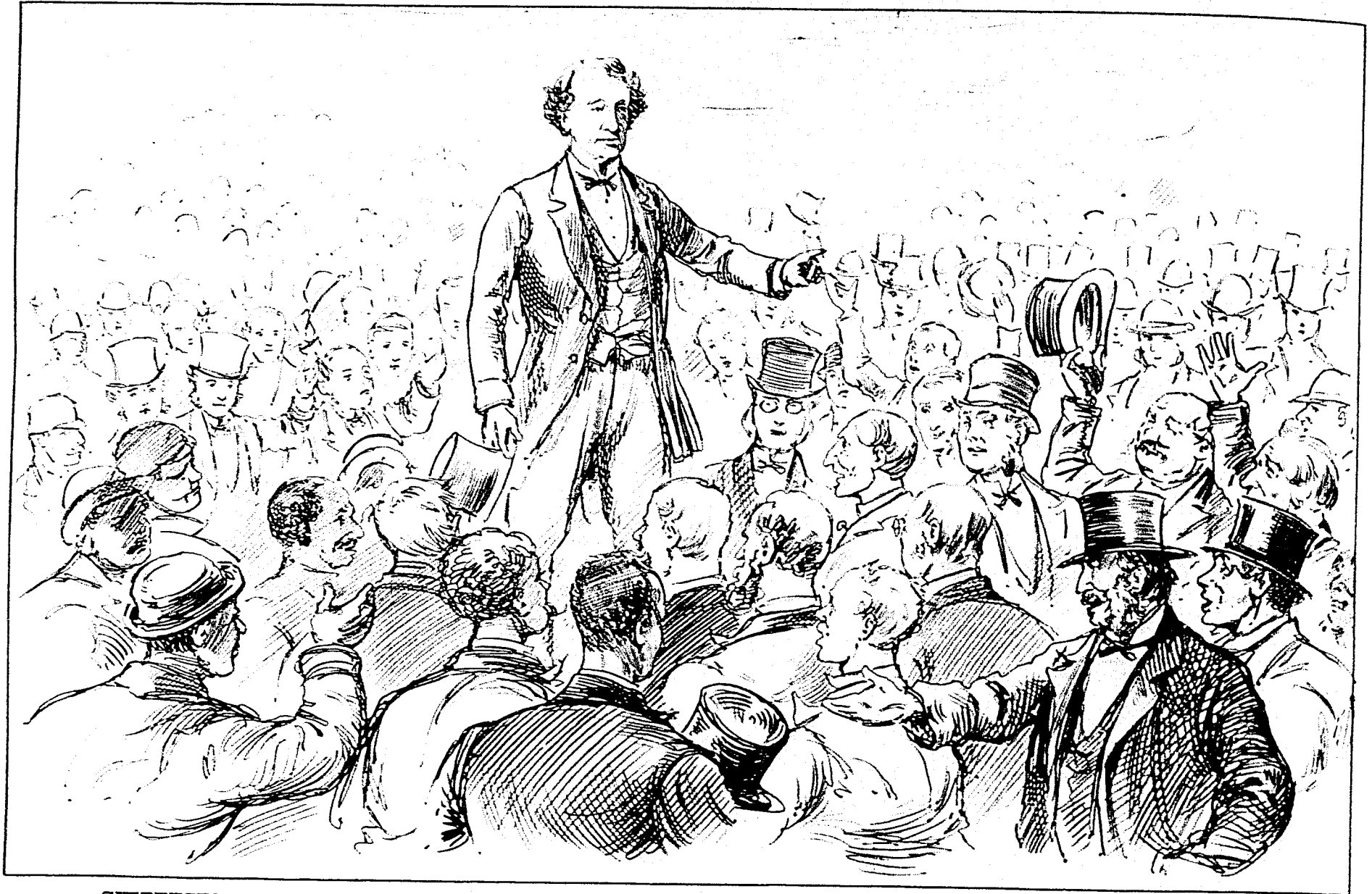
"Tell you what," enthusiastically exclaimed the widower, "that's tip-top! Here's your two dollars; you've airt them. A young man who can make up sich affectin' lines as them has a glorious futur' before him!"

And squeezing the exhausted poet's hand the elated speaker left in search of a pair of black kid gloves.

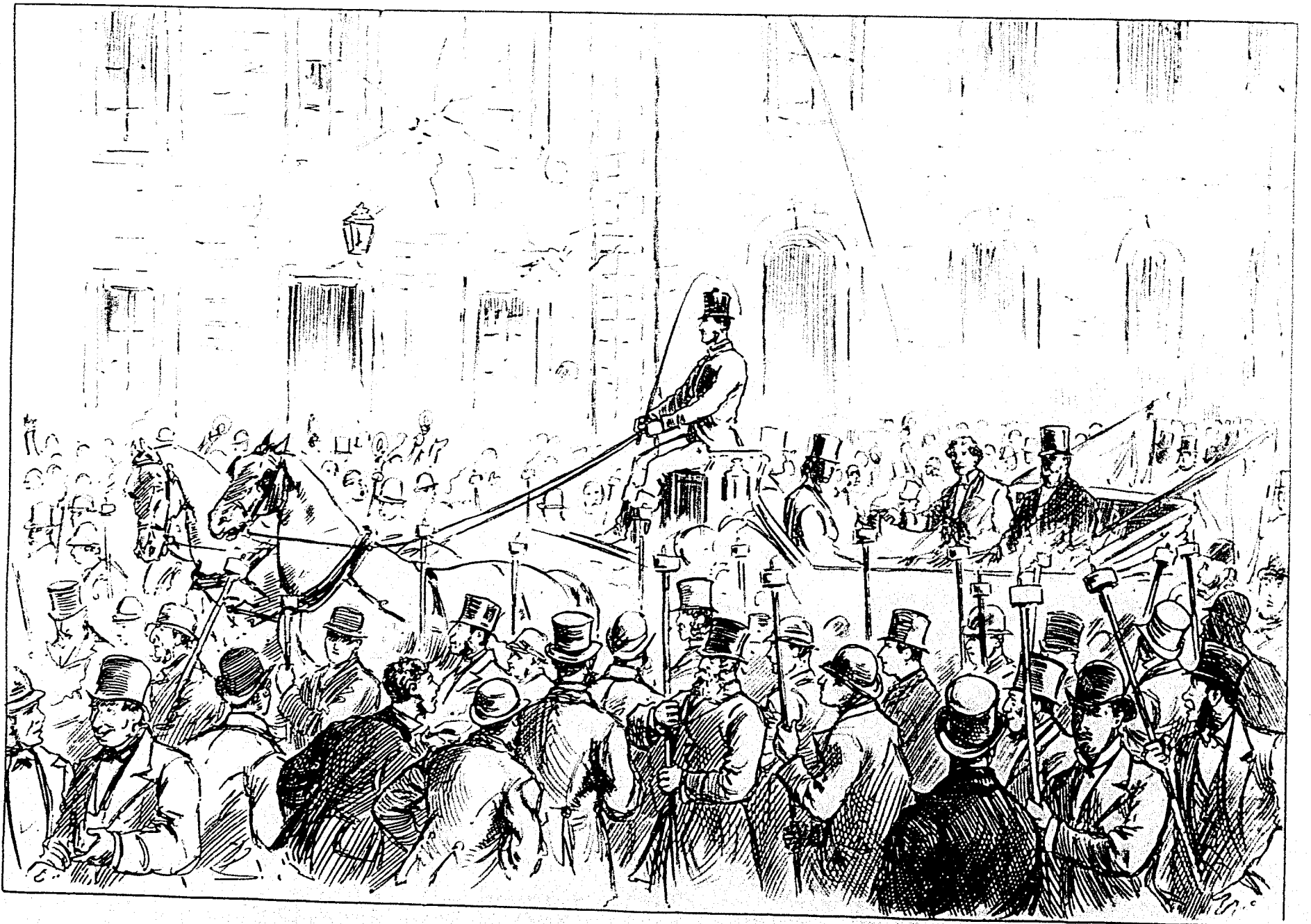
ALE AND PORTER.—There are no brands of ales and porter more deservedly popular or better known in the Dominion than those of the house of Messrs. William Dow & Co., of this city, rivaling as they do in superiority and flavor the best imported productions of the large establishments of the old country. A walk through their extensive premises alone would not give the visitor any idea of the magnitude of the business, a description of which would far exceed the limit of this complimentary notice. It is certain, however, that large business resources, thorough knowledge of the demands of trade gained by years of practical experience, and standard brands of manufacture, are advantages proportionately valuable to purchasers in every branch of commerce, being guarantees of regular goods and the closest market prices.

RAND'S New York City Business Directory for 1877.—The second volume of this valuable and indispensable work has just been issued by the publishers, Messrs. Walter Hough & Co., of 3 Park Place, New York. No pains or expense has been spared in the production of the present volume, to make it complete and reliable. It is pronounced by the New York city press to be the most complete, attractive, useful and cheapest Business Directory of that city ever issued. In typographical appearance and binding, certainly it is a fine specimen of book-making. It contains over one hundred pages more matter than the last year's volume, which has added largely to the cost of the production of the work, and compelled the publishers to issue hereafter only the full cloth bound edition at One Dollar per copy, upon the receipt of which sum they will forward the work to any address in the United States or Canada, by mail, postage prepaid.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD'S VISIT TO QUEBEC.



SWEETSBURGH.—SIR JOHN ADDRESSING THE MEN OF BROME, SHEFFORD AND MISSISQUOI.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.



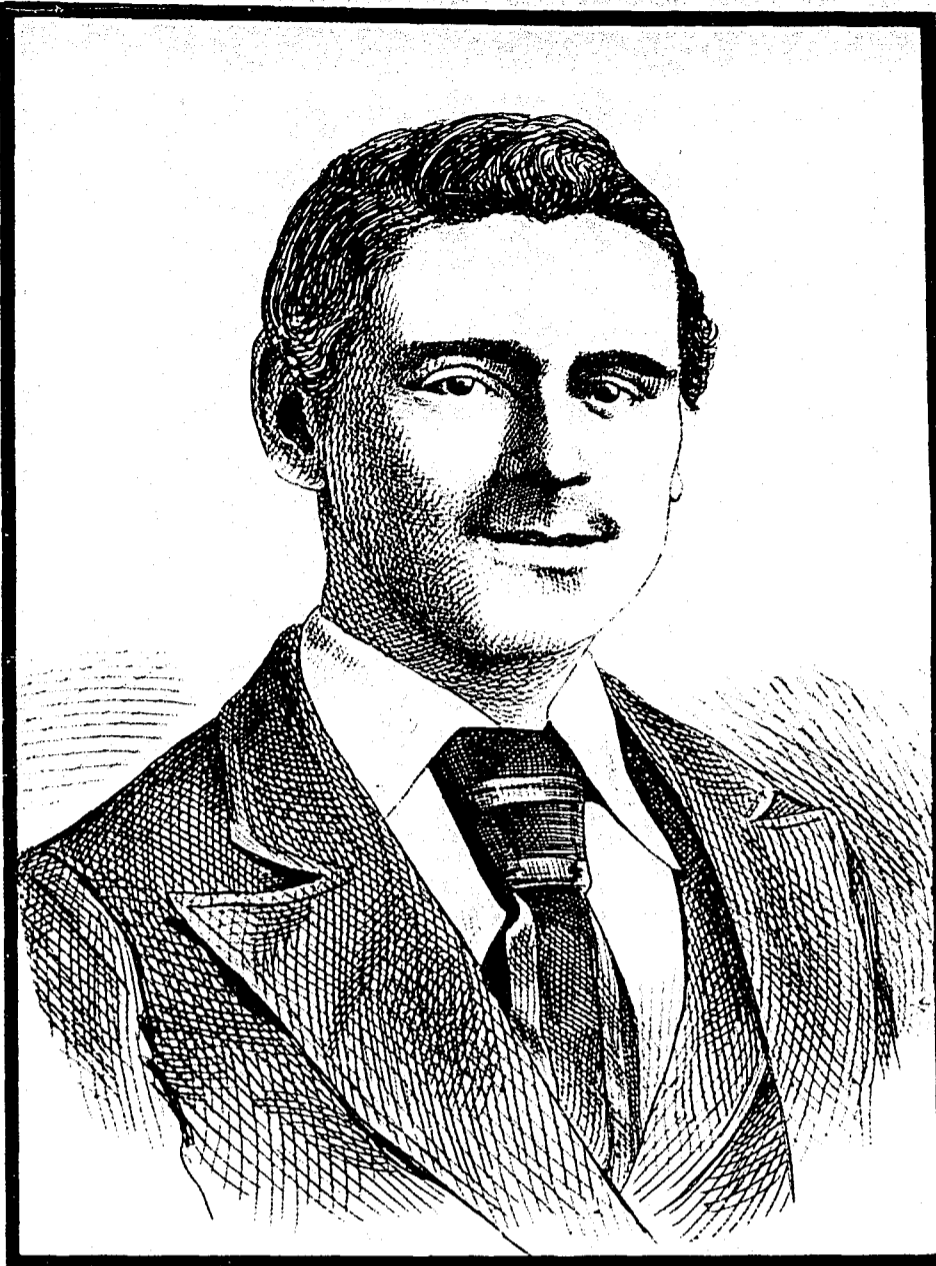
MONTREAL.—TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION IN HONOR OF SIR JOHN.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

THE MURDER OF THOS. LETT HACKETT.

Thos. Lett Hackett was the son of the late John J. Hackett, of the Inspector General's Department of the Old Province of Canada. On his mother's side he was connected with the family of a late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He was nephew of Mr. Edward Hackett, well-known here as a founder, as also of Mr John McClellan, one of our most respected citizens. The deceased has at present a brother residing at Ottawa, Mr. James Hackett, and he was a cousin of Mr. W. P. Lett, city clerk, Ottawa. During his stay in the capital he was employed by the Montreal Telegraph Company as superintending clerk, having charge of the Russell House branch. He was highly esteemed by all who came in contact with him, being of a most harmless and inoffensive disposition and very gentlemanly in his manners and conduct. He was at one time Secretary of the Sons of Temperance society, and was known as a sober, industrious young fellow.

The above statement from Ottawa fully corroborates all that has been said of the career of the late Mr. Hackett in this city. Mr. Murray, manager of the firm of John McKillop & Co., testifies that by the death of Mr. Hackett he has lost the best clerk in his office. The deceased was an Orangeman and a member of Boyne Lodge 401.

André Leroux, a youthful draughtsman in the employ of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, was told by a brother draughtsman, about a quarter past one, that there appeared to be a possibility of a disturbance in Victoria Square, and was requested to go there and obtain the materials for a sketch, should events prove worthy of it. When he arrived opposite Mr. Dunn's door, the crowd came up from the corner of Fortification Lane, headed by a stout built man in light brown clothes, and a small man in dark clothes, who took refuge in the doorway. The stout man commenced the firing and discharged two or three shots. Then the small man turned round and fired. About eight



THE LATE THOMAS LETT HACKETT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. G. PARKS, MONTREAL.

men in front of the crowd followed suit by pulling out their revolvers and firing. A young man who stood on the right hand side of the doorway, and who seemed to have no pistol, caught hold of the small man in dark clothes, threw him down, wrenched his pistol from him, and deliberately fired two shots into his face with it. Another man also ran up the steps and fired two shots, and came down again. In the meantime the big man in the brown clothes entered the building and shut the door after him. Another wounded man fell into Leroux's arms and his blood spattered all over Leroux's shirt.

A young gentleman who was a spectator of the whole tragic scene states that as he was returning from Beaver Hall about 1.30 p. m., on Thursday, he saw a very large assembly of persons crowd up in front of Messrs. R. Dunn & Co.'s building. He hurried across the square to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, and on his arrival opposite Clendinning's block he saw Mr. F. C. Henshaw fighting his way in the direction of Craig street. He then saw Mr. Henshaw struggle up the steps, and immediately afterwards the deceased youth, Hackett, whom he knew personally. Both of them were very severely beaten by their assailants. Hackett was very badly beaten indeed, and appeared to have lost the proper use of his senses from the severity of the blows. Looking wildly around, he drew a revolver and fired into the crowd. That was the first shot our informant heard. Hackett then went higher up the steps, and his assailants followed. A regular scuffle then ensued, and nothing could be seen distinctly for a few moments. He then saw a slim young man in a velvet coat with a revolver in his hand grasping Hackett by the neck. Hackett seemed to clutch him with his left hand and held a revolver in his right. Both of them fired three or four shots at each other. Hackett seemed to be at a disadvantage, as the other man held his arm so that the shots from his revolver seemed to strike the stone steps. In a few moments Hackett seemed to faint away, and the young man in the velvet coat jumped to the sidewalk still holding the body of Hackett, which he dragged some three or four yards and then threw to the sidewalk, exclaiming, "That serves the G—d d—d b—r right." He then hurried away around the corner into Craig street, and was lost in the crowd which then commenced to disperse. Shots were fired from the crowd indiscriminately during the whole time. Every one appeared to have a revolver, and seemed anxious to use it. Soon afterwards two policemen arrived and took charge of the body. When the main body of policemen arrived a general dispersion took place. The whole of the occurrence did not seem to occupy more than two or three minutes.



MONTREAL.—ATTACK ON A SENTRY OF THE MONTREAL CARBINIERS AT THE QUEBEC GATE BARRACKS. THE SENTINEL, IN SELF-DEFENSE, PLUNGES HIS BAYONET IN THE BREAST OF ONE OF THE LEADERS AND KILLS HIM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Fashion, taste, and style—these are the elements of a successful toilet. Fashion decrees the general form of the garments: Taste protests and frequently attempts to make amendments; and style—the rarest of all personal gifts—applies the decrees perhaps a little exaggeration, when beauty and fortune are the possessors of it. Fashion now decides that dresses, or rather sheaths (for skirts are nothing more) should be unprecedently narrow. How their wearers are to get into them is apparently a matter of no import; the inventive genius of dressmakers being employed rather in calculations for rendering all undergarments as scanty in proportion and as few in number as possible. There is quite a revolution in under wear; not only has there been introduced a combination of chemise and drawers in one, but a high petticoat bodice is now added to the chemise, and thus makes three garments in one. It is a most impractical invention, and I cannot give you the name of it, but this one garment, corsets, and a deep balayouse, tacked inside the skirt, was all the underwear indulged in by many leaders of fashion at the Grand Prix, otherwise they could not, by any possibility, have achieved the effect of clinging drapery which their skirts presented. The toilettes worn at the Grand Prix are still a topic of conversation, for everyone was there; the fact that over a hundred thousand tickets, at twenty francs each, being purchased for the stand, and forty thousand carriages being admitted to the lawn, are events that prove much. The white dresses and the plain batiste ones, trimmed with white or coloured satin ribbon, pale blue batiste, bordered either with Valenciennes or fine guipure, pale pink batiste, with fine torchon lace, were decidedly the prettiest toilettes, although those that were a mixture of moss-coloured green and pink coral were newer and more fashionable. The materials selected for the latter were toile de soie, foulard, bourrette de soie, and Montepan gauze. Then there were many startling toilettes, created expressly for races, and which are inappropriate elsewhere; such for example, as a costume of rose pink foulard, the entire front, from the throat to the toes, plaited, the train skirt looped up on one side (as in Mme. de Pompadour's portrait), over an underskirt of white silk, which was bordered with a plaiting of the same, above which fell a row of Venetian guipure. The bodice opened over a guimpe of plaited white gauze, confined round the waist with a straw-coloured band; the revers were Venetian point, a tuft of yellow roses was fastened on the left shoulder; the bonnet was Leghorn straw, lined with pink silk, and trimmed with yellow roses and white feathers. Another pink toilette, in quieter taste, was trimmed with bands of grey silk embroidered in satin stitch, with grey silk of a lighter shade. These bands edged the polonaise, as well as crossed the front of it.

I saw many batiste and leno costumes trimmed with pinked out silk, ruches of two colours. The effect was novel, and they are trimmings that can be made at home. For example, the ruche on a pale blue batiste would be either pink and yellow silk or red and black silk; and if the costume were black gauze the ruches would be straw yellow, with coral-red silk; the ribbon bows on a dress of this description match the ruches. Some new striped ribbons made expressly for this purpose, have recently been introduced. With moss-green batiste the ribbons and ruches should be pale blue and dark green, and with red batiste they should be navy blue and white. Some few red dresses were to be seen at the races, others with the casque only in red Adrienne, and a band above the low basque.

The toilettes made entirely of chenille were very pretty, although somewhat heavy for the season, and would be more appropriate for autumn. There are many varieties of chenille dresses, for example, the toad-green sicilienne, or crêpe de Lyon toilettes, embroidered all over with moss-green chenille, so worked that it forms the vermicelli pattern all over the foundation. There are also tunics and cuirasses, and polonaises made of an open network of chenille, and fringed at the edge; these are usually in dark colours and in black, so that they are useful over any variety of skirt. As a rule, I do not admire black tunics over anything but black; white, on the contrary, looks well over every colour. The only exception are the new black blonde tunics, which are charming over rose de thé and pale blue; the one defect of these dresses is their costliness, but then, on the other hand, they can be worn at all seasons, and on many occasions. A black blonde dress appropriate for afternoon or evening wear, at a *souree*, or for a ceremonious call, is made in the Spanish style, and the Castilian fringe used for trimming is a mixture of chenille and jet; the bows are black and satin ribbon.

Small mantelets made entirely of chenille are very popular; they are so short that they might pass for capes at the back, and they have only a single end; they are fastened on the chest with a silver agrafe. Other scarfs consist of a network of silk braid fringed with feathers. These are of reasonable price; but the white muslin ones, with a double row of Genoa point, sold by Doucet and Mme. Cély, are exorbitantly high, but exceptionally elegant.

Fruit is quite dethroning flowers as trimming to ball dresses. At Mme. de Rothschild's, fruit was universally worn; Mme. Wundel was in white covered with cherries; the youthful Mme. de R. wore white gauze, the tablier studded with large pine-apple strawberries, a cluster of

the same in the hair; the Princess de Ghika in tea-rose tulle, with garlands of black currants; the Countess Bernhard d'Harcourt in pale blue, ornamented with crab apples; the Baroness P. in white damask silk, with small peaches nestling in the bows of her ruby velvet pocket.

Among the loveliest specimens of hats and bonnets made in Paris those selected by the Princess of Wales for herself and her ladies deserve special mention. The milliners honoured with the patronage of H.R.H. are Mmes. Annie and Georgette, of the Rue du Quatre-Septembre. Several different shapes were presented, out of which nine were chosen. The three to be worn by the Princess were, firstly, a gilt straw, trimmed with a pale blue ostrich plume round the crown, a blue satin *coque* on the forehead, a bird on one side, and crêpe lisse quilling. Secondly, a white rice straw, with a drooping fluffy ostrich feather, a black aigrette, and black velvet binding headed with cut gold. Thirdly, a black straw, with écu feathers, velvet binding, and a damask red rose on one side. The other bonnets were intended as presents for friends at home and ladies of the suite. Among the prettiest was a black and lilac, with small up-turned rim and a yellow bird. The vogue of Annie and Georgette's millinery establishment has ever been on the increase since they became partners, and instead of succeeding Mm. Virot, whose pupils they are, set up a firm of their own. They both do credit to their training.

Mme. Caroline Reboux has introduced a new hat for country wear, and the first who adopted it was Mlle. Alexandre Dumas. The straw plait is most curious, more like a basket than anything else; at the side there is a swallow and a tuft of golden grey grass; the edge is bound with black velvet. For a hat that has only seen sixteen summers, and for country wear it has a rustic air about it truly original. White feathers on Leghorn and English straws are very generally worn.

The newest parasols are all dome-shaped, and are quite round, instead of being flat in the Chinese fashion. They are embroidered, and ornamented with flowers, and sometimes fringed with uncurled ostrich feathers. White parasols are popular for grande toilette, and pale blue cane-parasols without any trimming for promenade. For country wear white batiste parasols, lined with cerise, and trimmed with Russian lace, which has either a blue or red border, are the newest, together with those covered to match the cambric dress with which they are used.

White dresses have suddenly become popular with the advent of hot days, and four varieties of white material are in vogue. First there is the diaphanous organdy muslin, essentially for young ladies' wear; secondly, there is the classical muslin-crêpe, which is a link between embroidery and lace, with both of which it is profusely trimmed; these two fabrics should be worn over silk. White faille and barege Virginie, a light plain woollen fabric in dead white, cream white, and ivory white, also compose white dresses; and the trimmings usually employed are white crêpe lisse embroidered with silk, fine faille kiltings, and artistically draped gauze scarfs. The fourth white material is called "basin," and is a reproduction of a fabric worn fifty or sixty years ago; it is made up into simple costumes, and ornamented with dark faille bows. White dresses are made in the Joan of Arc style with all the drapery at the back; the material is moulded, as it were, over both bust and hips, the lines of which are indicated—or perhaps betrayed would be the more correct term; for, no matter how flimsy the material, fashion decrees that it should drape the figure as closely as though the dress were of the thickest brocade. White costumes are quite a treat after the eccentric greens so impossible to describe, although the similitude in hue to toads, sorrel, and peas have been brought to aid in attempting to bring the popular tones of colour before the mind's eye. White becomes brunes and blondes alike, and all shades and colours can be used for trimming it. On the other hand, it demands style and elegance in its wearer.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

HEARTH AND HOME.

ECONOMY.—The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is prodigality of life: he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

AVOID DECEPTION.—Persons who practise deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success of their doings; but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character, but they estimate falsely the opinions and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks; but both duty and self-interest forbid ever to make false pretences.

NATURE.—We see a beautiful and infinite variety everywhere presented to us in the works of Nature, and man seeks for primary causes of this exuberant effect; but if he forgets that first great Cause on which all others depend, he is quickly surrounded with doubts and difficulties,

and finds his reasoning degenerate into conjecture. We sometimes look on the effect, and discover the agent by which it was produced—the human mind is then too frequently satisfied. True philosophy would pursue the subject still further, and thus we should not stop short of that admiration of Divine power and humiliation of our own wisdom, which is becoming our present state of dependence—a dependence, notwithstanding, under which all may so freely enjoy the boundless riches and beauty everywhere presented to their contemplation.

TRUE AND FALSE PERCEPTION.—There is a certain love of beauty which is enfeebling rather than ennobling to the nature, and which harms instead of improving the mind by which it is nourished. When men wish to sacrifice the supreme good of the greater number to the mere preservation of a bit of picturesque charm, they wish to sacrifice the greater to the less, and prefer that which is fleeting and arbitrary to that which is enduring and true. The utilitarian who was asked what he would do with a lovely mountain stream, and who answered, "Bless it for its beauty and make it turn a mill," had a better perception of the real things of life than one who would have dreamed away his summer hours by its margin and made no use of its power.

SUNNY ROOMS AND SUNNY LIVES.—Light is one of the most active agencies in enlivening and beautifying a home. We all know the value of sunlight as a health-giving agent to the physical constitution; and it is so to our moral and spiritual natures. We are more active under its influence—can think better and act more vigorously. Let us take the airiest, choicest, and the sunniest room in the house for our living-room—the workshop where brain and body are built up and renewed—and let us there have a bay-window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin angels of nature—sunlight and pure air—can freely enter. Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigour; but in light rooms is good cheer. Even in a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, we have but to take down the heavy curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on either side, set flower-pots on the brackets, and let the warm sun stream freely in, to bring health to our bodies and joy to our souls.

VARIETIES.

BRITISH REGEMENTS.—Eleven British regiments named the "King's" and eight the "Queen's," after various British monarchs and consorts. Six are named the "Prince of Wales," some deriving their title from the last and some from the present Prince of Wales. The 19th Regiment is the "Princess of Wales," and the 89th "Princess Victoria's." The Duke of Edinburgh gives his name to one regiment, Princess Louise to another, and the Duke of Cambridge to two. There are fourteen regiments and corps especially styled "Royal," sixty-six have county titles, and in addition to these, seven are called Scotch or Highland, four Irish, two Welsh, and none English. The 1st Foot Guards alone bear the title in commemoration of deeds done in battle, being styled Grenadiers from having defeated the Grenadiers of the French Imperial Guard at Waterloo. The 2nd Foot Guards derive their appellation from Monck's march from Coldstream to restore the monarchy.

CAUGHT THE GIRLS.—A clergyman, a widower, recently created quite a sensation in his household which consisted of seven grown-up daughters. The reverend gentleman was absent from home for a number of days, visiting an adjoining county. The daughters received a letter from their father which stated that he had "married a widow with six sprightly children," and that he might be expected home at a certain time. The effect of that news was a great shock to the happy family. The girls noted for their meekness and amiable temperaments, seemed another set of beings; there were weeping and wailing and tearing of hair, and all manner of naughty things said. The tidy home was neglected, and when the day of arrival came the house was anything but inviting. At length the Rev. Mr. X. came, but he was alone. He greeted his daughters as usual, and, as he viewed the neglected apartments, there was a merry twinkle in his eye. The daughters were nervous and evidently anxious. At last the eldest mustered courage and asked, "Where is our mother?" "In heaven," said the good man. "But where is the widow with six children you wrote you had married?" "Why, I married her to another man, my dears," he replied delighted at the success of his joke.

THE HEARTS OF THE LOWLY.—One day, three or four weeks ago, a gamin, who seemed to have no friends in the world, was run over by a vehicle on Gratiot avenue and fatally injured. After he had been in the hospital for a week, a boy about his own age and size, and looking as friendless and forlorn, called to ask about him and leave an orange. He seemed much embarrassed, and would answer no questions. After that he came daily, always bringing something, if no more than an apple. Last week when the nurse told him that Billy had no chance to get well, the strange boy waited around longer than usual, and finally asked if he could go in. He had been invited so many times before, but had

always refused. Billy, pale and weak and emaciated, opened his eyes in wonder at sight of the boy and before he realized who it was the stranger bent close to his face and sobbed:

"Billy, can ye forgive a feller? We was allus fighting and I was allus too much for ye, but I'm sorry! 'Fore ye die won't ye tell me ye haven't any grudge agin me?"

The young lad then almost in the shadow of death, reached up his thin white arms, clasped them around the other's neck, and replied:

"Don't cry, Bob—don't feel bad! I was ugly and mean, and I was heaving a stone at ye when the waggon hit me. If ye'll forgive me I'll forgive you, and I'll pray for both o' us!"

Bob was half an hour late the morning Billy died. When the nurse took him to the shrouded corpse he kissed the pale face tenderly and gasped:

"D-did he say anything about—about me?"

"He spoke of you just before he died—asked if you were here," replied the nurse.

"And may I go—go to the funeral?"

"You may."

And he did. He was the only mourner. His heart was the only one that ached. No tears were shed by others, and they left him sitting by the new made grave with heart so big that he could not speak.

If, under the crust of vice and ignorance, there are such springs of pure feeling and true nobility, who shall grow weary of doing?

STORY OF A PRINCELY BOY.—Charles X. of France, when a child, was one day playing in an apartment of the palace, while a peasant of Auvergne was busily employed in scrubbing the floor. The latter, encouraged by the gaiety and playfulness of the young prince, entered familiarly into conversation with him, and to amuse him, told him a number of diverting stories and anecdotes of his province. The prince, with all the ingenuousness of childhood, expressed his commiseration for the narrator's evident poverty, and for the labor which he was obliged to undergo in order to obtain a scanty livelihood.

"Ah," said the man, "my poor wife and five children often go supperless to bed!"—"Well, then," replied the prince, with tears in his eyes, "you must let me manage for you. My governor every month gives me some pocket money, for which I have no occasion, since I want for nothing. You shall take this money and give it to your wife and children—but be sure not to mention a word of the matter to a living soul, or you will be finely scolded." On leaving the apartment the honest dependant acquainted the governor of the young prince with the conversation that had taken place. The latter, after praising the servant highly for his scrupulous integrity, desired him to accept the money, and to keep the affair a profound secret, adding that he should have no cause to repent of his discretion. At the end of the month the prince, who was Count D'Artois, received his allowance as usual, and, watching the moment when he was unobserved slipped the whole sum into the hand of his *protégé*. On the same evening a child's lottery was proposed for the amusement of the young princes by the governor, who had purposely distributed among the prizes such objects as were most likely to tempt a boy of the count's age. Each of his brothers eagerly hazarded his little store, but the Count d'Artois kept aloof from his favourite amusement. The governor, feigning astonishment, at last demanded the reason for his unusual prudence; no answer came from the count. One of the princes, his brother, next testified his surprise, and at length pressed the young count so hard that in a moment of childish impatience he exclaimed, "This may be very well for you; but what would you do if, like me, you had a wife and five small children to support?"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THEODORE THOMAS is going to settle in Chicago.

CHRISTINE NILSSON is anxious to return to America.

IRVING, the London actor, has refused \$50,000 for one hundred nights in New York.

MME. TITIENS' condition has again become critical. Her ultimate recovery seems almost beyond hope.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS is preparing a drama for the Lyceum, founded on his own tale of *The Moonstone*.

BOUCAULT is hard at work upon a new play, which he expects will eclipse "London Assurance," and which will be produced simultaneously at Wallack's Theatre and the Globe Theatre, Boston.

ONE of the London music-halls has a novelty which is much appreciated this hot weather; there is a sliding roof, which can be removed, allowing the hot air and the smoke to escape. It approaches the open-air concerts of Paris.

THE visit of Mairice Strakosch to Europe is for the purpose of securing the services of Madame Adeline Patti for an American engagement this fall. The latter is desirous of making the trip, and everything favors the arrangement, provided the lessee of the Paris Italiens will release her from his contract with her.

FR. D. MARSDEN, the author of *Jos. Murphy's* Irish drama, entitled "Kerry Gow," has received from Murphy an order for another new play. Marsden has certainly been very successful in his plays, having written two for Lotta, which she has played constantly during the past two seasons.

THE Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, the foundation stone of which was laid by Lord Leigh on the 23rd of April, will soon be commenced in earnest. Building materials of all kinds are arriving in great quantities at Stratford-upon-Avon, and by the end of the month the work will be in full swing.

MARY SECORD.

On the sacred scroll of glory
Let us blaze forth the story
Of a brave Canadian woman with the fervid pen of fame,
So that all the world may heed it,
And rehearse it through the ages to the honor of her name.

In the far off days of battle,
When the rifles rapid rattle
Far resounded through the forest, Mary Secord sped
Along
Deep into the woodland maze,
Over pathway wild and maze,
With a firm and fearless footstep and a courage staunch
and strong.

She had heard the host preparing,
And at once with dauntless daring
Hurried off to give the warning of the fast advancing
 foe,
And she flitted like a shadow
Far away o'er fen and meadow,
Where the wolf was in the wild wood and the lynx was
lying low.

From within the wild recesses
Of the tangled wildernesses
Fearful sounds came floating fiercely as she fastly fled
 ahead,
And she heard the guttural growling
Of the bears that, near her prowling,
Crushed their way through the thickets for the food
on which they fed.

Far and near the hideous whooping
Of the painted Indians, trooping
For the prey, pealed upon her with a weird, unearthly
 sound,
While great snakes went gliding past her,
As she sped on fast and faster,
And disaster on disaster seemed to threaten all around.

Thus for twenty miles she travelled
Over pathways rough and travelled,
Braving danger for her country like the fabled ones of
 yore,
Till she reached her destination,
And forwarned the threatened station
Of the wave that was advancing to engulf it deep in
 gore.

Just in time the welcome warning
Came into the men, that, scornful
To retire before the foe men rallied ready for the fray,
And they gave such gallant greeting,
That the foe was soon retreating
Back in wild dismay and terror on that glorious battle
 day.

Few returned to tell the story
Of the conflict sharp and gory,
That was won with brilliant glory by that brave
 Canadian band,
For the host of prisoners captured
Far outnumbered the enraptured
Little group of gallant soldiers fighting for their native
 land.

Beaver deeds are not recorded
In historic treasures hoarded,
That the march of Mary Secord through the forest long
 ago,
And no nobler deed of daring
Than the cool and crafty snaring
By that hand at Beaver Dam of all that well appointed
 foe.

But we know if war should ever
Ere again o'er field or river,
And the borders of the invader should appear within our
 land,
Far and wide the trumpets pealing
Would awake the same old feeling,
And again would deeds of daring sparkle out on every
 land.

C. E. JARREWAY, M. D.
Stuyvesant, Ont.

ELLA'S LETTER.

"Who can this letter be from, I wonder?"
exclaimed Ella Chase, as she finished reading a
short, but evidently very interesting, epistle.
"I wonder who could have written it?"

"Why, hasn't it any signature?" inquired
her sister Edith, who looked up very languidly
from the book she was reading.

"A signature! Yes, but it isn't the true
one!"

"What is it, then?" inquired the young
lady, condescending, in a lofty way, to mani-
fest a little curiosity. "What name is given?"
"Edgar Mortimer—do you want to hear the
letter?"

"Yes, if it is neither very long nor very in-
teresting."

"Neither one nor the other, but somewhat
presuming, I think," and she began to read:

"MY DEAR MISS CHASE.—You will be sur-
prised, no doubt (as I am myself), at my pre-
sumption in addressing you; but having met
you several years ago in Jersey, I have never
been able to forget the impression which you
made upon me then, and it is with the hope
that our slight acquaintance there may ripen
into something warmer and dearer, that I now
address you."

"Pretty impudent that, I should say," inter-
rupted Edith.

"Yes, decidedly; but then, you know, I
like a little spice of impudence in a man."

"Rather too much spice there, I think. But
go on."

"I know," continued Ella, "that there is a
great deal of prejudice existing against an an-
onymous correspondence; but I have tried a num-
ber of times to renew your acquaintance in the
usual and proper way, and have always been
disappointed; and I feel so confident that you
and I are in every way adapted to make each
other happy (I hope I am not conceited), that I
can wait no longer; and if you will kindly con-
descend to answer this letter, I will then write
to you in my true character. Please address to
A. B. C., District Post Office, Holborn."

"Very romantic, indeed!" observed Edith
dryly, as she returned to the perusal of her
book; then in a few moments lifting her head
again, she said, "Have you any idea who it is?"

"Well, there are two gentlemen that I have
been thinking of—I met them both at St.
Helier's, and one I liked very much indeed—
the other not at all. So you may be sure that
the letter is from the latter, for that is the way
such things always turn out in this world."

"Are you going to answer it?"

"I don't know—would you?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because papa would be so angry; you know
how strongly he disapproves of anything of the
kind."

"Shall you tell him, if I answer it?"

"No; I am not a tell-tale, and I wouldn't
take the trouble."

"Well, I shouldn't tell him, that's certain;
so how would he ever have a chance to dis-
approve?"

"I shouldn't write to the gentleman, if I were
you."

"I rather think I shall."

"I knew you would."

"Yes, you always know everything."

"I am pretty well acquainted with Miss Ella
Chase," and the young lady was soon wholly
engrossed by her book.

A young gentleman was seated in a suite of
handsome chambers in Raymond's buildings,
Gray's Inn, looking somewhat abstractedly out
of the window.

"I wonder if she will answer my letter," he
said aloud; "that pretty face of hers has
haunted me ever since I first saw her. Ah!
there's my clerk!" and in a few moments after-
wards he was nervously tearing open a delicately
scented envelope, the whole appearance of which
gave evidence of the writer's culture and refine-
ment.

Charles Latham, barrister-at-law, but with a
good private property, was a fine-looking man
of perhaps twenty-seven or eight years of age,
with a pale, serious face, that might not per-
haps please a gay, laughter-loving girl; but
when he smiled, his whole countenance was
lighted up in a way that must have been very
fascinating to some women. That smile lingered
upon his somewhat haughty curved lips, as he
read the letter.

"A cautious little puss," he said; "but for-
tunately for me, her curiosity exceeds her cau-
tion. She must know at once who I am, or she
will not write again. What will she say when
I tell her? I could not make her out at St.
Helier's, whether she really disliked me, or was
simply indifferent. The best, I hope, for dis-
like is easier to combat than a cold indifference.
Now, little beauty, you shall know who I am;"
and seating himself at his desk, he wrote rapid-
ly for some time.

About a week after this, Edith was reclining
one morning upon a couch in her room, reading,
as usual, when suddenly Ella came rustling in,
with a flushed excited face, and throwing her-
self into a chair, exclaimed, quite petulantly,
"How provoking it all is! That letter was
from Charles Latham. I never could bear him,
with his long face and stiff ways!"

"I advised you not to answer the letter, but
you never condescend to take my advice under
any circumstances."

"Well, if I did, I should sit with my hands
before me, and never care whether the world
turns round or not."

"You would spare yourself a great deal that
is disagreeable."

"I don't care; I had rather have some dis-
agreeable experiences than never take an interest
in anything."

"Are you going to answer this letter?"

"Yes; I shall tell him in very plain words
that if I had supposed that first epistle was from
him, I never should have replied to it."

"That will be rather disagreeable for him, I
think."

"I can't help it, if it is. I was so in hopes
that that handsome Mr. Wheeler had written
the letter! But men that I like never like me!
I think it's a shame!"

"Perhaps you're too anxious, Ella," suggest-
ed the provoking Edith, in her cold, dry way.

"How hateful you are, Edith!" returned the
former, seating herself to write the very un-
gracious reply.

"I think Mr. Latham will be apt to apply
that term to you, if you write what you said you
were going to. It is altogether uncalled for, in
my opinion."

But Ella was in a decidedly very bad humor,
and she wrote and posted the letter that very
day; but no sooner was it gone than she repen-
ted it, for she was a very kind-hearted girl, al-
though quick-tempered and impulsive, and she
was almost inclined to send a second letter of
apology.

"He will think me very rude and ill-natured,"
she thought. "I wonder if he will write again?"

She waited very impatiently this time, but a
week passed away, and then another, and she
felt very sure that she had offended him, and
was really quite distressed about it, considering
that she disliked him so much. She was hesi-
tating whether she should write again and
apologize, when one day a card was handed to
her, upon which she read the name, Mr. Charles
Latham. Then all her feelings changed again,
and she was quite indignant at his presumption.

"What an impudent fellow he is!" she
thought. "I won't see him—yes, I will, too!"

And she went straight to the glass, and pulled
and twitched her hair into the most bewitching
little curls, adding a ribbon here and a flower
there, until she seemed at last perfectly satisfied
with the general effect. She certainly seemed

somewhat anxious that he should admire her,
at any rate.

When she entered the dining-room, the gen-
tleman rose from his seat, the laughty curve of
his lip being rather more conspicuous than
usual; and making a formal bow, he said,
"Miss Chase, I have come to make an apology
for my presumption in addressing that letter to
you—a very foolish letter, that would hardly
have been excusable in a boy of nineteen. I
have been severely but rightly punished. I now
return your two notes,"—he handed the dainty
little missives to Ella, who felt very much in-
clined to toss them back again; "and," he con-
tinued, "if you will be kind enough to burn my
letters, I shall consider it a great favour."

"Would you like to have me do it now?"
asked Ella, feeling exceedingly mortified and
angry, she hardly knew why.

"Oh, no," he answered; "I will not trouble
you now. I am very well aware, Miss Chase,
that I have incurred your displeasure, so I will
not intrude upon your time any longer;"—and,
with another formal bow, he left her.

The young girl went up stairs in a kind of
maze, but disappointment was certainly the pre-
dominant feeling.

"I wonder if he thinks that I have grown
ugly!" she thought, going straight to the glass
again. "I believe he despises me!"—and she
pulled the flower out of her hair in a most fer-
ocious way, and then began crying as if her heart
would break.

This was certainly a strange mode of pro-
ceeding for Miss Ella Chase. After the weeping
was all accomplished, she seized his letters, and
was about to tear them up, when she suddenly
stopped, saying, "No, I'll keep them just to
spite him, the proud, hateful fellow, with his
lip curling all the time, as if he felt himself su-
perior to every one else. I hate him!"

Charles Latham's reflections as he left the
house were scarcely more agreeable than those
of Ella.

"She is prettier than ever," he said to him-
self. "What lovely eyes! I wonder why she
dislikes me so. Some women even more beau-
tiful than she have seemed well pleased with my
attentions; and yet I cannot think of any one
but her. I believe if she were to put her little
foot on my neck I should love her still. I must
see her again. Ah, that party to-night—per-
haps she will be there."

Ella was gliding gracefully through a quad-
rille that same evening, when, suddenly looking
up, she saw Charles Latham, standing at a
little distance and gazing intently at her. After
making a bow as haughty as his own, she turned
her pretty head away. At the end of the dance
Edith drew her aside, and, with most astonish-
ing eagerness for her, said, "Ella, who was
that gentleman you bowed to so coolly?"

"Mr. Latham," was the concise reply.

"Well, you are a goose, then. There isn't a
man in the room can compare with him. Why,
he's splendid. I mean to have an introduction,
and then cut you out."

And not long afterwards Ella saw Edith
leaning on his arm, talking in quite an ani-
mated manner, while his face was turned to-
wards her with an expression of surprise and
pleasure. She could not keep her eyes away
from the two; and although she talked and
laughed even more gaily than usual to the group
of gentlemen around her, she felt very much in-
clined to have a real good cry, jealousy, anger,
and disappointment all gnawing at her heart.

Now Edith, notwithstanding her languor,
dearly loved to tease her sister; and thinking
also that the latter had treated Mr. Latham
very unkindly for his only offence of loving her
better than she deserved, she herself took pains
to treat him with particular attention, while he
seemed fully to understand and appreciate her
motives.

That evening, when the sisters were alone in
their room, Edith said, "Well, Ella, did you
enjoy the party?"

"Oh, yes; well enough. You seemed to be
enjoying yourself."

"I did; Mr. Latham was exceedingly enter-
taining."

"Well, I thought you seemed to do all the
talking for a wonder."

"Why, were you watching us?"

"No, I do not know that I was; but every
time I did look at you, the gentleman had the
appearance of listening very attentively."

"Did he? I hope he liked me, for I tried
my very best to captivate him."

"Yes; I never saw you so animated."

"Well, it isn't often I care to exert myself,
but Mr. Latham I considered really worth pay-
ing some attention to. I have given him per-
mission to call and see me to-morrow; so, if you
do not wish to encounter him, you must keep
out of the parlour."

And with a tantalizing little laugh, she pre-
pared herself for sleep.

Poor Ella tried to follow her example; but
alas! sleep would not come to her, and she
tossed and tumbled about, nervous and un-
happy. Mr. Latham's face haunted her as she
had seen it that evening.

"He certainly looked as though he loved
me," she thought; "but he thinks I dislike
him; and now, if Edith tries to please him, she
is prettier than I am, and he will soon change
and like her best."

And so she fretted all the rest of the night,
falling into an uneasy slumber just before her
usual time for rising.

When Edith saw how pale she looked, her
conscience reproached her a little.

"I do believe she cares for him after all," she
thought; "poor little goose!"

And darkening the room, she went out on
tiptoe, closing the door softly as she left.

When the expected visitor came, he received
from the young lady a very cordial greeting.

"Ella is ill this morning," she said. "I
believe the child hardly slept at all last night."

Charles looked up quickly, the colour rush-
ing to his face, but hardly knowing what to
say, maintained a somewhat embarrassed sil-
ence.

"Mr. Latham," continued Edith, "I am
afraid that you think my sister has been very
rude; but I know that she regretted sending
the last letter just as soon as it was gone. It
has troubled her ever since. She is very impul-
sive, but very proud; and as I imagine that
you are just as proud, I do not see how you will
ever make it up, unless I give some of my
valuable assistance. Do you still feel as you
did towards Ella?"

And she looked pretty enough to have be-
witched any man not already in the toils of a
fair charmer.

"I love her better than ever," was the reply.

"Then wait a moment, and I'll send her
down here. I shall have to cheat her a little;
but then all is fair in love or war, you know."

"But she dislikes me, Miss Chase."

"Do girls lose their sleep for men they dis-
like, Mr. Latham?"—and, smiling at the effect
of her words, she left him.

After waiting ten or fifteen minutes, the
door opened, and Ella came in, looking very
pale and languid. She started violently when
she saw Charles, and drawing up her slender
figure, said, "I did not know that you were
here."

"I will leave at once, if you wish it, Miss
Chase," he answered; and was about to do so,
when he noticed the proud look in her face
change to an expression half pleading, half
reproachful.

A moment more and he was by her side, her
hand in his.

"Ella, Ella," he exclaimed, "why are you
so cold, so proud?"

She tried to answer, but the tears ran down
her cheeks, and as he passed his arm around
her, she rested her head upon his shoulder.

"Oh, excuse me!" she heard at that very
interesting moment; and looking up, they saw
the long train of Edith's dress rapidly disap-
pearing.

But Charles did not complain of Ella's cold-
ness after that.

DOMESTIC.

BROILED BEEFSTEAK.—When your steak is
broiled, put it on a hot dish, sprinkle with minced
parsley, salt and pepper, lay on lumps of butter, and put
it into a hot oven until there is no juice or butter visible.
Before cutting it draw your knife through a clove of
garlic.

CAULIFLOWER SALAD.—Boil a cauliflower in
salted water till tender, but not overdone; when cold,
cut it up nearly in small sprigs. Beat up together three
tablespoonsful of oil and one tablespoonful of tarragon
vinegar, with pepper and salt to taste; rub the dish
very slightly with garlic, arrange the pieces of caulif-
lower on it, strew over them some capers, a little tarragon,
chervil, and parsley, all finely minced, and the
least bit of dried thyme and marjoram powdered. Pour
the oil and vinegar over, and serve.

TO PRESERVE FRUITS FOR YEARS.—Take
wide-mouthed bottles and fill them with currants, cher-
ries, gooseberries, raspberries, or strawberries. Cover
the mouths with thin muslin, and place them in a kettle
of warmish water, not above the necks of the bottles.
Place them over the fire, and boil for twenty minutes
after the water first bubbles. Now take them out and
cork them tightly, putting sealing-wax made of resin
and tallow—two parts resin to one of tallow—all over
the corks and necks of the bottles. Set them in a cool
dry closet in a cellar, heads downward, and the fruit
will retain its flavour perfectly.

LITERARY.

MR. TENNYSON is trying to give up the habit
of smoking.

THE poet Longfellow says, "I wouldn't touch
a toast list with a pair of tongs," and in this way he
escapes after-dinner speeches.

THERE is a report that Miss Broughton, who
in fiction has led so many heroes and heroines to the
altar, is herself soon to enter the hymnical state.

MRS. OLIPHANT is about to celebrate her
silver wedding with *Blackwood's Magazine*, to which
she has been for twenty-five years a contributor, by a
water-party from Windsor to Medmenham Abbey.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform
the Ladies of the city and country that they will
find at his retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main
Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and
Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers
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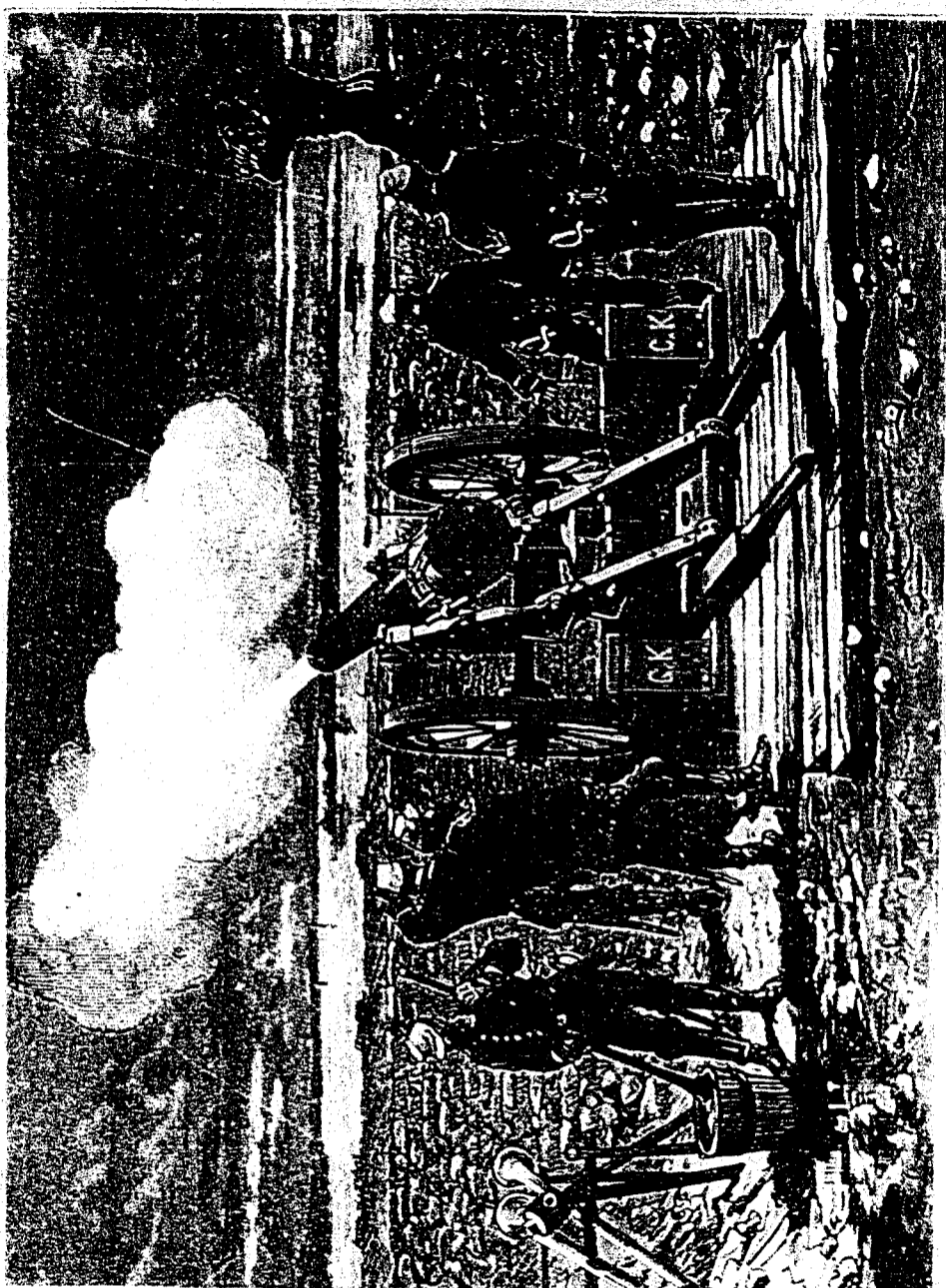
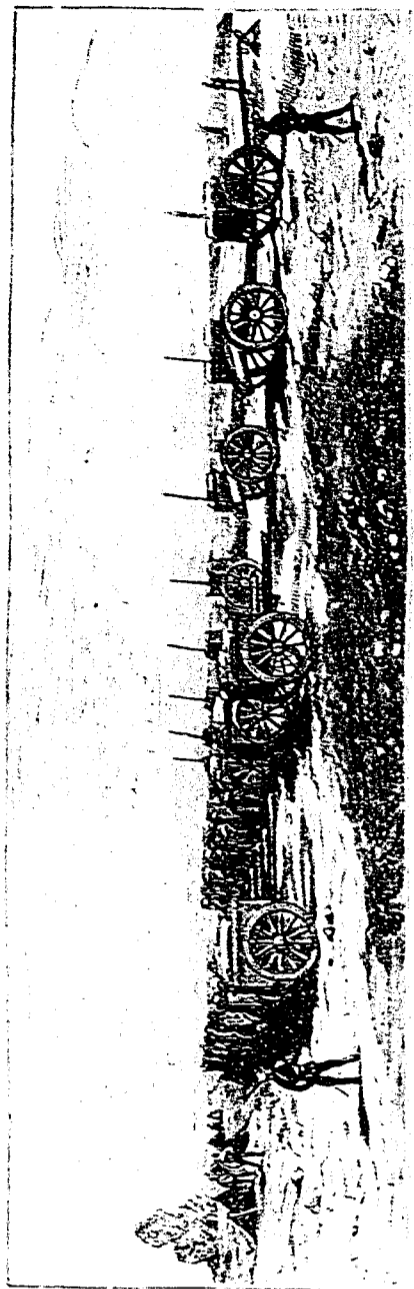
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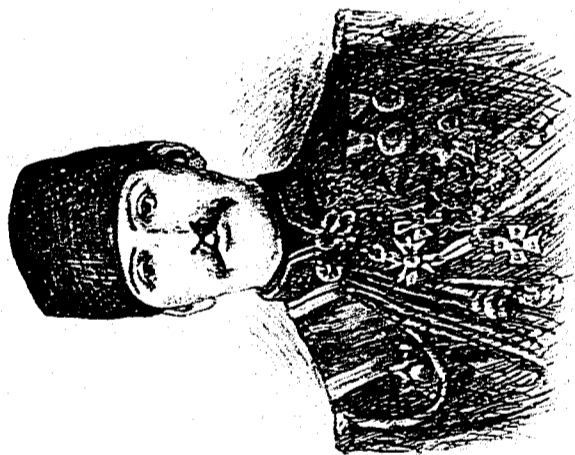


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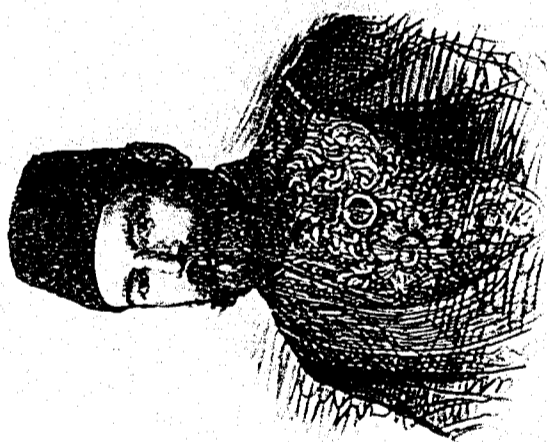
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RUSSIAN ARTILLERY AT BRALIA



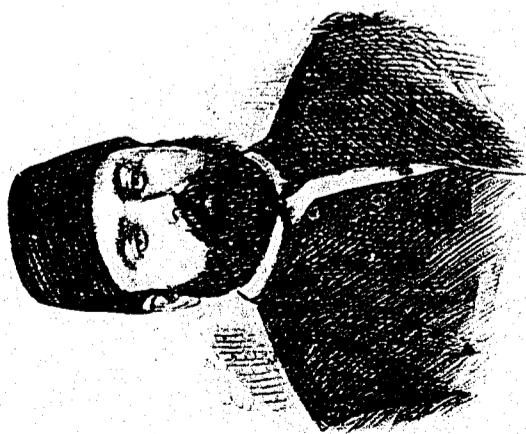
REOUF-PASHA,
Minister of Marine.



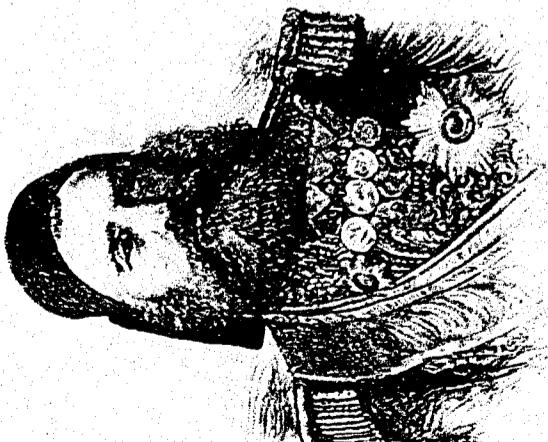
AHMET-MOUKHTAR-PASHA,
Commander in Chief of the army in Asia Minor



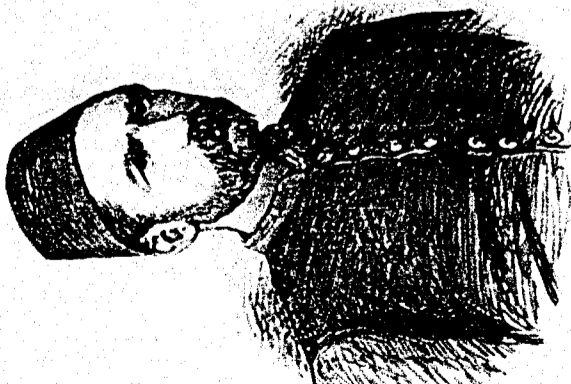
AHMET-YOUB-PASHA,
Second in command of the army of the Danube



MAHMUD-DAMAD-PASHA,
Brother-in-Law of the Sultan and Grand Master of Artillery

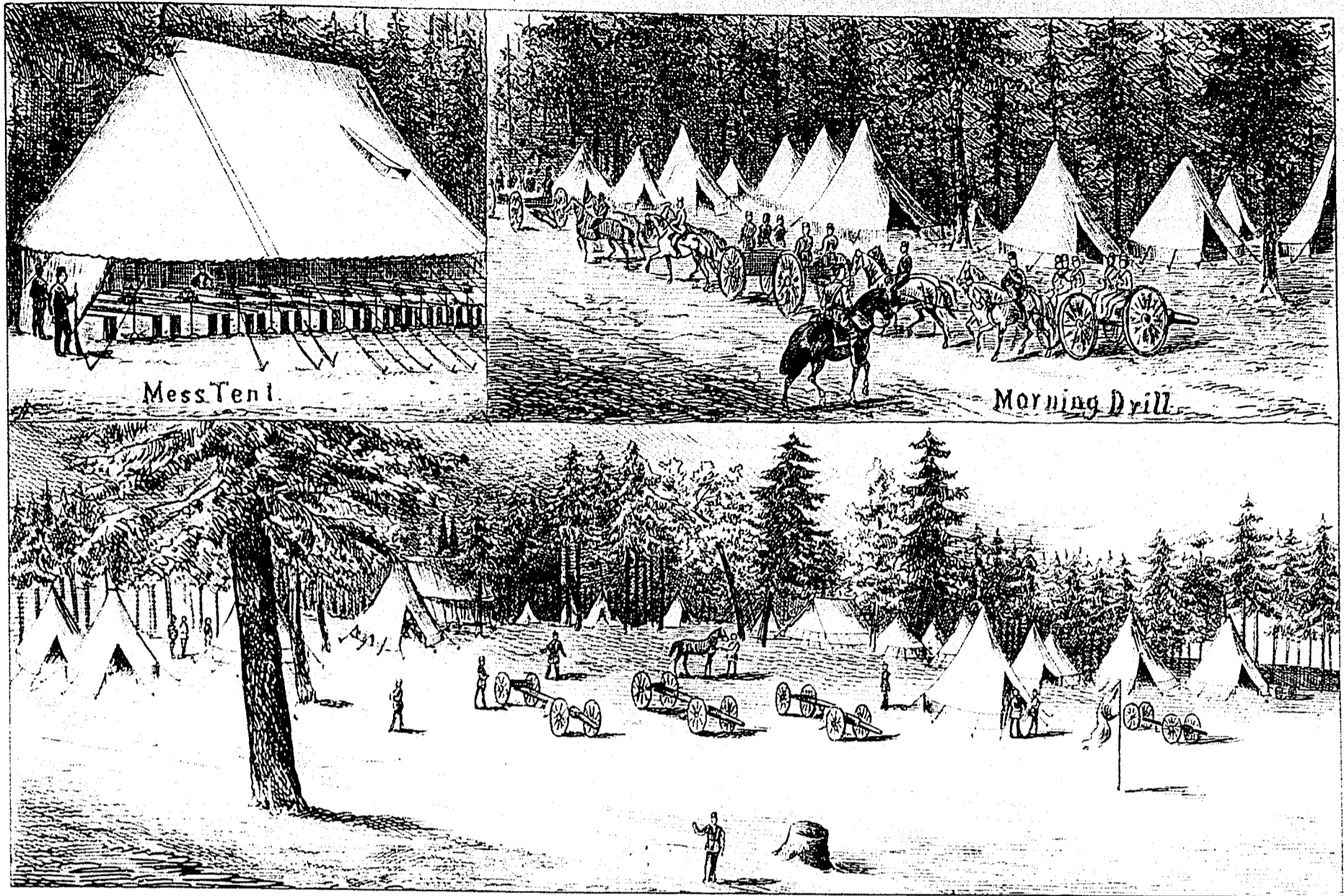


TCHERNESS-ABDI-PASHA,
Commander of the Circassians in Europe.



SOLIMAN-PASHA,
The Conqueror of Herzegovina and Montenegro.

THE EASTERN WAR.
PROMINENT TURKISH OFFICERS



LONDON, ONT.—BATTERY E IN CAMP AT SALTER'S GROVE.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. J. DYER.



THE EASTERN WAR.
THE CZAR AT THE HEAD OF HIS BODY GUARD OPENING THE GRAND REVIEW AT PLOIESTI.

"I WOULD NOT, IF I COULD."

I would not dig my past
Up from its grave of weakness and regret;
Up from its hopes—which glimmered but to set—
Its dreams, that could not last!

Yet I can look before,
And profit by the lessons sadly learned;
As children, playing with the fire, are burned,
And tempt its glow no more.

I would not, if I could,
Live o'er again this dark, uncertain life—
This slipping backward in the daily strife
Of reaching after good.

Yet I can know how weak
Are all below, and so sweet Charity
Will cling and grow about each form I see,
And thus to me will speak:

I would not open out
The half-healed wounds of other years, long fled:
'Twere better they were numbered with the dead,
Better than fear or doubt.

Yet I can truly say,
Let the dead past bury its dead. We go
So swiftly onward to life's sunset glow—
And then, there is no day!

Life is too short to waste
In vain repinings or in weak regrets;
The strongest heart endures, and never frets
O'er joys it may not taste;

And he who can go on
Bravely and firmly in the allotted way,
Gaining new strength with every darkened ray,
Shall surely reach the dawn.

And so I would not lift
Up from the grave the shadows of the past;
The clouds that all my sky once overcast
Into the night may drift.

For there's enough to fill
Each hour and moment of the days to come;
Then wherefore woo the shadows to our home?
The valleys to our hill!

THE
GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY
SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND
CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

A MAN AND HIS MONEY.

It is a pity somebody had not come to see; and somebody would, only that Rollo had a good many things to attend to just now besides his own pleasure. Instead, when the morning was half over, came Miss Phinney Powder, and the sleep and the attitude were broken up. Hazel went to her in the drawing-room.

Miss Josephine was in an unsettled state of mind; for she first placed herself on an ottoman by the fire-place, then got up and went to the window and stood looking out; all the while rattling on of indifferent things, in a rather languid way; then at last came and sank down in a very low position at Wych Hazel's feet on the carpet. She was a pretty girl; might have been extremely pretty, if her very pronounced style of manners had not drawn lines of boldness, almost of coarseness, where the lip should have been soft and the eyebrow modest. The whole expression was dissatisfied and jaded to-day, over and above those lines, which even low spirits could not obliterate.

"It must be awfully nice to have such a place as this all to yourself—house and all;—just to yourself! You needn't be married till you've a mind to. Don't you think it's a great bore to be married?"

"People can always wait," said Wych Hazel. "Wait?" said Phinney. "For what?"

"For such a great bore," said Hazel, stroking the cat.

"How can you wait?" said Phinney.

"What hinders?"

"Why! you must be married, you know, some time; and it don't do to stay till you can't get a good chance. It's such a bore!" said the poor girl helplessly.

Somehow, Hazel's own happiness made her rather tender towards these notes of complaint.

"What do you mean?" she said, leaning down by Phinney. "I would not take even a good chance to be miserable."

"I'm just in a fix," said Josephine, "and I can't get out of it. And I came to see you on purpose to talk. I thought maybe you would have some sympathy for me. Nobody has at home."

"Sympathy! What about?"

"Papa wants me to marry somebody—who comes pestering me every other day."

Josephine looked disconsolately out of the window. The weary face was eloquent of the system under which she declared herself suffering.

"Somebody you do not like?" said Hazel.

"O I like him—I like him pretty well; he's rather jolly on the whole; but—that's another thing from being married, you know. I like very well to have him round,—bringing me flowers and doing everything I bid him; I have made rather a slave of him, that's a fact; it's awfully ridiculous! He doesn't dare say his soul's his own, if I say it's mine, and I snub him in every other thing. But then—it's an-

other thing to go and marry him. Maybe he wouldn't like me to snub him, if I was his wife. Mamma don't dare do it to papa, I know; unless she does it on the sly."

Hazel drew back rather coldly.

"I think it is extremely probable he would not like it," she said. "He is not much of a man, to stand it now."

"Not?" cried Josephine. "Why what is the good of a man if you can't snub him? And if a man pretends to like you, of course he'll stand anything you give him. I like the bride figure in the German—that suits me;—when I'm the driver; but the Germans are all over for this season. Aren't you awfully sorry?"

"No. And a girl ought to be ashamed to talk as you do, Josephine!"

"Now hush! You shan't snub me. I came to you for comfort. Why ought I to be ashamed to talk so? Don't you like to have your own way?"

"My own way does not trend in that direction," said Miss Kennedy. "And I should scorn to have it over such a weak thing as a man who would let a girl fool him to his face."

"Men like such fooling. I know they do. I can do just what I like with them. But then if I was married,—I don't suppose I could fool so many at once. Why, Hazel, if you don't have your own way with men who let you, who will you have it with? Not the men who won't let; such a bluebeard of a man as your guardian, for instance. O do tell me! don't you sometimes get tired of living?"

"We are talking about your affairs this morning," said Hazel. "I should get tired of living, very soon, I think, at your rate."

"I am," said Josephine. And she looked so. "Sometimes I am ready to wish I had never been born. What's the good of living, anyhow, Hazel, when the fun's over?"

"Fun?" Hazel repeated,—how was she to tell this girl what seemed to her just now the good of living?

"Yes. You know all the summer there have been the garden parties and the riding parties, and the Germans, and the four-in-hand parties, and all sorts of delightful things; and now they're all over; and it makes me so blue! To be sure, by and by, there will be the season in town; but that won't be much till after the holidays, anyhow; and I feel horribly. And now comes Charteris bothering me. What would you do, Hazel?"

"What would I do?" Hazel repeated again, with a curious feeling that there was but one man in the world, and so of course what could anybody do! A little shy of the subject too, and feeling her cheeks grow warm in the discussion. "Do you like him very much, Josephine?"

"Very much?"—deliberately. "No. I don't think I like him very much. But papa says that will come fast enough when I am married. He says,—you know Charteris is awfully rich,—he says, papa says, this marriage will give me such a 'position.' Mamma don't conceive that one of her daughters can want position. But then, papa is a little lower down than mamma, you know. Well, I should have 'position,' and everything else I want—carriages and jewels, you know; diamonds; don't you like diamonds? I could have all I want. If I could only have them without the man!"

"You could live with him all your life, you think? by the help of the diamonds?"

"Papa says so. And mamma says so. I don't get any feeling at home. Annabella is wholly engaged in getting up parties to go to Dane Rollo's readings in Morton Hollow; that's all she thinks about. Isn't he too ridiculous?"

"I asked about Mr. Charteris," said Wych Hazel, knitting her brows a little. "And it is you who must live with him—not your father and mother. Could you do it, Josephine? with him alone?"

"One must live with somebody, I suppose," said Josephine, idly pulling threads from a foot mat near her.

"Well could you live without him?" said her questioner, taking a short cut to her point of view.

"Charteris? He ain't the jolliest man I know."

"Answer!" said Hazel, knitting her brows again.

"Live without Charteris? I should say I could. From my present point of view. Easy! But it comes back to that awful bore, Hazel; a girl has got to be married. I wish I was a man."

"Then I would," said Wych Hazel quietly.

"What?"

"Live without Mr. Charteris. And as you cannot be a man, suppose you talk like a woman."

"What do you mean?" said Phinney, looking doubtfully at her. "I haven't come here to be snubbed, I know. Aren't you sorry for me?"

"No,—not when you talk so. A girl has not 'got to get married.' And if you marry some one you can live without, you deserve what you will get."

"What will I get?" said Josephine.

"John Charteris—without the bouquet and the fooling."

"I don't know but he's very good," said Josephine meditatively. "And Hazel, a girl can't live without getting married. What should I do, for instance?"

"Wait till the right person comes," said Hazel. "And if he never comes, be thankful that you escaped the wrong one."

"But suppose the right person, as you call him, is poor?" said the young lady with a peculiar subdued inflexion of voice.

"O, is that it!" said Wych Hazel. "Then if he thinks you can make him rich, I would keep up the delusion."

"But I can't, Hazel. Papa hasn't much to give any of us. He has just enough to get along with comfortably."

"There are other things in the world, besides money, I suppose?" said Hazel. "And I know there could be no starvation wages for me, like diamonds from a hand I did not love."

"I like diamonds though," said Josephine. "And it's dreadful to be poor. You don't know anything about it, Hazel. You're of no consequence, you have no power, nobody cares about you, even you've got to ask leave to speak; and then nobody listens to you! I mean, after you are too old to flirt. I don't want to be poor. And Mr. Charteris would put me beyond all that. He has plenty. And they say I would love him by and by. It's such a bore!"

"I thought you just said somebody does care about you?"

"Did I? I don't recollect."

"You said 'the right person' was poor. Which would seem to imply that he is in existence."

"Well, he might just as well as not," said Josephine in the same tone. "They would never hear of my marrying him. It's all very nice to drive four-in-hand with somebody, and dance the German with him; and have good times at pic-nics and such things; but when it came to settling down in a little bit of a house, without a room in it big enough for a German; and ingrain carpets on the floors—I couldn't, Hazel!" said the girl with a shudder. "And there it is, you see."

Wych Hazel looked at her—and then she laughed.

"There is nothing much more fearful than 'the right person' on ingrain carpets," she said mockingly. "Except, perhaps, the wrong one on Turkey."

"Turkey carpets are jolly under your feet," said Josephine. "And after all, I wonder if it matters so much about the man? At least, when you can't have the right one. Well, you don't help me much. Annabella wanted to know if you wouldn't join a party to hear Dane Rollo read, Saturday night? She is crazy about those readings. I believe she's touched about him. Will you go?"

"No. Josephine, it matters everything about the man," said Hazel earnestly. "What sort of a life do you expect, if you begin with a false oath?"

"A false oath?"

"Yes. Think what you have to promise."

"What do I have to promise?"

"You know," said Hazel impatiently. "You have seen people married often enough to remember what they must say."

"I never thought about what they said. It's just a form; that's all."

"You would like to have Mr. Charteris consider his part just a form?"

"I never thought anything else about it. It is a form that would give me a right to the diamonds, you know, or anything else his money could buy. O dear! if one could have the things without the man! Will you go to hear Rollo read?"

"Well you had better think about it," said Hazel. "If it is only a form, it will give you a clear right to be miserable. I advise you to go straight home and study the words, and try them with different names. And do not really say them to any one they do not fit. Do you hear me, Josephine?"

The girl was looking up in her face with a look strange for her; a look studious of Wych Hazel herself; searching, somewhat wondering, secretly admiring. The look went off to the window with a half sigh.

"Fais que dois, adienne que pourra," Hazel added softly.

"I don't know what I ought to do!" said Josephine. "How can I? If Stuart Nightingale had anything but what he spends—O what's the use talking about it, Hazel? Suppose I hadn't money to dress myself decently?"

"A man who has nothing but what he spends, spends too much," said Wych Hazel, with a smile to herself over the duration of Mr. Nightingale's "life-long" heartbreak of the fall before.

"Do you mean that he would not spare a little for you?"

"He hasn't enough for both," said Josephine, looking very dismal. "The other one has enough for a dozen."

"Did you never hear," said her hostess laughing, "that—in certain circumstances—"

"Half enough for one, is always more than just enough for two?"

"No," said Josephine abstractedly. "Who comes here that rides a light bay horse?"

"Everybody comes here. But I seldom look at their horses. Why?"

"One went by just now. I was looking at the horse, and I hadn't time to see the rider. He'll come in, I suppose. If Annabella knew all, she wouldn't care so much about this match; for just as soon as I marry John Charteris, papa'll sell Paul Charteris his piece of land; and that's a job Dane Rollo wouldn't like."

"Why not?" said Hazel, with a desperate calmness, and her heart beginning to beat so that it half took her breath away. "Is it land Mr. Rollo wants for himself?"

"He wouldn't like anybody else to have it,

you bet!" replied Miss Powder, at last getting up from the floor and shaking herself into order.

"I must go."

"But I said, why not?" Wych Hazel repeated. "There—you have ripped off your flounce."

"I did that getting out of the phaeton. O well—it'll have to go so till I get home. Everybody will know I didn't dress myself so on purpose; and besides, nobody will see it. Not till I get there. You haven't a needle and silk, have you, Hazel?"

"Yes, if you will come up to my room for it," said Hazel, glad enough of an excuse to get her away. But Miss Powder had no mind to be spirited off. She had her own views, and excused herself.

"O thank you! but it's not worth while; and I can't wait, either. Well, I must go and meet my fate, I suppose."

"What does Mr. Charteris want with more land?" said Hazel, arranging the torn flounce.

"O, to serve Rollo out, you know, for being so mean."

"Is that it?" said Wych Hazel. "How? I do not understand."

"Why," said Josephine, watching the door, which she expected would open to admit the rider of the bay horse whoever he might be, "papa has a bit of land not worth much to him, just above Mr. Morton's ground that that pirate has bought; just above the mills. If Paul Charteris can get that, he will know what use to put it to. That will do, my dear, I dare say. I am awfully obliged for your care of my respectability."

"What use?" said Hazel seriously. "Here is one more tear—"

"O I don't understand those things. Do you know what *vouter power* means?"

"Yes."

"Well—if Paul Charteris gets that land,—and if I marry John Charteris he will—he'll cut off the water power. I don't know what it means, nor how he'll do it; but Mr. Rollo's mills will stop. And in that case, somebody at home will hate Paul Charteris! Well, she'd better have stood by me then."

The young lady detached herself at last, with a kiss to Wych Hazel, and bowled away in her little basket-wagon.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EMERALD.

Hazel let her see herself out from the door of the drawing room, and then stood still in the middle of the floor with a hand on each side of her face. Not, however, considering the land question just then. She had seen Mr. Rollo but three times for a whole year,—so ran the first thought. And she had not seen him at all, since the other night,—so chimed in the second. And these three days of sleep and unconsciousness had confused the universe to that degree, that whether the world was round or triangular or square might be called a nicely balanced question. Had the bay horse stopped?—then where was his rider?

Hazel darted out of a side door, and stood still to consider. Walked slowly along for a step or two, (flying about did not just agree with her to-day) then took her way to the red room, entering noiselessly; also by a side door. Blushing as if she had not done her duty in that respect the other day, and so had large arrears to make up; but not losing the delicate look even so.

"How do you do, Mr. Rollo?" she said softly, and holding out her hand,—rather, it must be confessed, across a great easy chair which stood in the way. He had been making up the fire when she came in, and had looked up and let the tongs drop just before she spoke. Rollo was cool enough, however, to see the easy chair and come round it; but his greeting was grave and wordless. Perhaps he too remembered that she had not seen him since the other night. At any rate, anxiety and sympathy and infinite tenderness had more to express than could be put into words, for the power of words is limited. When he did speak, it was a simple demand to know how she did? "Very well," she said, softly as before.

"Is it very well?" he said earnestly. "And how has it been these three days?"

"O—I have been sleepy. As perhaps you heard," she said, with the pretty curl of her lips.

He looked at her a minute, then suddenly releasing her, turned away to the fire and picked up his tongs again. "I wish you would do something to comfort me!" he exclaimed. And the strong grey eyes were full of tears.

Hazel gave him an extremely astonished look, which went away, and came again, and once more came back, growing very wistful. She moved a step nearer to him, then stood still.

"What is it, Mr. Rollo?" she said with one of her sweet intonations, which was certainly 'comfort' so far as it went. "What am I to do? I mean"—she added timidly, "what have I done?"—for it was greatly Hazel's habit to somehow charge things back upon herself. But Rollo mended the fire with scrupulous exactness, put it in perfect order, set up his tongs; and then stood by the mantel-piece, leaning his elbows there and looking down at his work. Hazel watched him, at first with shy swift glances, then, as he did not look up, her look became more steady. What was he thinking of? It must be something she had done,—something which he had just heard of, perhaps,—some wild piece of mischief or thoughtlessness executed last summer or in the spring. Was he wonder-

ing whether he could ever bring her into order, and make her "stand"—was he meditating the form of some new promise for her to take? winding in the ends of free action into a new knot which she was to draw tight? But (so circumstances do) it did not terrify her much, if he was; what *did* try her, was to see him stand there wearing such a face, and to feel that in some way she was the cause of it. So she stood looking at him, not quite knowing all there was in her own face the while; and began to feel tired, and moved a soft step back again, and rested her hand on the great chair.

"Mr. Rollo"—she ventured,—“you never used to mind telling me of any—ways—of mine which you did not like; or—things—I had done. And I suppose I can bear it just as well now. Though that is not saying much, I am afraid.”

At her first word he had looked up, and when she had finished, came and put her into the big chair and sat down beside it. She dared not look at him now; his eyes were snapping with fun.

“What is all this?” he said. “What do you want me to tell you, Wych?”

“I thought—Nothing,” she said rather hastily retreating within herself again. “But I did not quite understand you, Mr. Rollo.”

“What do you consider the proper thing to do, when you do not understand me?”

A little inarticulate sound seemed to say that the course might vary in different cases. “Generally,” said Hazel, “I wait and puzzle it out by myself.”

“I would *always* like to help you.”

She laughed a little, shyly, as if asking help were quite another matter, especially about unknown things. But pondering this one minute—it looked so harmless,—out it came in Hazel’s usual abrupt fashion.

“What you said about ‘comfort’ Mr. Rollo,—I did not suppose you had ever wanted comfort in your life.”

“Didn’t you?”—He did not want much just now!

“Well, what did you mean?”

“You suppose that I have been in a contented state of mind all summer for instance?”

“The point in hand is, why you are less contented to-day,” said Hazel preserving her gravity.

“What made you faint at Gyda’s?—and why have you slept three whole days since?” he said gravely. “You had better not bring it up, Wych, or I shall want comfort again.”

“Oh—these three days?” said Hazel. “I have just been having my own way; as I told Mr. Falkirk; and it has agreed with me splendidly. It was no doing of mine, to send for Dr. Maryland—but Byo always fidgets over me.”

“And the fainting?—and the walk over the hill? over rough and smooth, where your little feet must have had a hard time of it;—and you laid it up against me?”

What had Gyda told him? Not that, for that was not true. But what? Hazel’s head drooped lower.

“Mr. Rollo,” she said seriously, “if you do not cure yourself of your habit of making statements, some day you will acquire the habit of making mistakes.”

“No, I shall not,” he said coolly. “You will not let me.”

If that were one, Hazel made no attempt to correct it; having no mind just then to deal with any of his mistakes, in any shape; remembering so exactly what some of them had been. So she sat very still, looking down at the two small folded hands, and wondering to herself if Mr. Rollo had cross-questioned Gyda? if he meant to cross-question her?—and if he did, where should she hide? That fainting, that walk across the hill—even now, with three long days of oblivion between, and the sorrow and the doubt all pushed aside; even she could hardly bear the recollection; and just caught the deep sigh that was coming, and shut her lips, tight, and kept it back.

And that was what had troubled him! The colour flitted and changed in her cheeks, in the sort of *live* way Wych Hazel’s colour had, and then the brown eyes gave a swift sidelong glance, to see what the owner of the grey ones was about!

He was studying her, as if he had a mind to find out all her thoughts in their secret hiding-places. But his attention was now diverted to something in his fingers, which he was unfolding and unwrapping; and presently he took one of the little folded hands, the left one, and upon the forefinger a ring set with a very large emerald. The ring fitted; the stone was superb. Rollo laid the little hand, so beringed, in his own palm, and looked at it there; then his eye met Hazel’s with a bright, sweet, peculiar smile.

“We shall never misunderstand each other again, Wych! Shall we?”

It was queer, to see the colour recede and get out of sight, as if gathering strength for its vivid return. But Hazel did not look at him, nor at the ring, nor at anything,—did not see anything, probably, just then. She caught her breath a little, finding her words one by one—

“But—I—never—misunderstood—you,” she said.

“Would you like to stand an examination on that point?”

Hazel considered a little.

“I thought just now you objected to them. However, it will be necessary for me to make a good many, sooner or later, just to make sure that you know what you are about in marrying

me. But to begin with this emerald.—Do you know what it means?”

It did not occur to the girl, as she went on a foray after her thoughts, that she had no immediate intention of marrying anybody! But to use her own words, that was not the point in hand.

“Means?” she repeated,—which of all the five hundred and forty things that it meant did Mr. Rollo wish to have set forth!—“But you are to make statements—not ask questions,” she said.

“It is an old jewel that I have had reset for you. I preferred it to a diamond, because it is a finer stone than any diamond in my possession, and because of the meaning, as I said. In the description of John’s vision in the Revelation, it is said ‘there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.’—In Ezekiel’s vision the word is, ‘as the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain.’”

Partly shielding her face with her other hand, Hazel sat studying the ring, her eyes intent and grave and wide open as a child’s.

“What does the rainbow mean?” he asked.

“It was a promise against desolation—at first,” she slowly; very unconsciously betraying what already the emerald was to her.

“The promise was against desolation—the bow was the sign for the faithfulness of the promiser. Where is your Bible?”

He went on, talking purposely to let Hazel find her composure, for he saw she was scarcely able to take her part in any conversation. So he went on. He knew she was listening.

“Do you see?—the rainbow ‘like unto an emerald’—the rainbow ‘round about the throne,’—that is the same as, ‘thy faithfulness round about thee,’ O Lord, . . . who is like unto Thee, or to thy faithfulness round about Thee?”

So that is what the emerald means;—faithfulness. First, your faith and mine; and then, the strength and repose of that other faithfulness, which is round us both; in which—we will both walk, Hazel, shall we not?”

He could not tell what she was thinking of. Not of him, apparently, for the look on the face was far away, as if thought had followed his words out of sight; yet more to something past than towards other things to come. So leaning her head on her hand she sat, and then—still full of her thought—looked up at him, the same child’s look of intentness, with words all ready on her lips.

“Then in those days,” she began— But then came the sudden recollection of whom she was speaking to, and what a stranger he was, and that he was not a stranger at all; with probably some quick realization of what she was going to say; for the scarlet flushed up all over her face again, and her head went down on her hand, and she was silent.

“What ‘in those days,’—I want the rest of it.”

“O, the rest of it is more than you think,” said Hazel. “And it is a great way off. I should have to take you miles and miles. And would rather—not.”

He smiled at her, seeing the beautiful shyness that did not separate her from him, but only put such a bloom on the fruit—such a fragrance on the flower. He was content. The freedom and fearlessness of older affection would come in time, and it would be pleasant to see it come. He would not hurry her; indeed, as he once had told her he never asked for what he could not have, so neither did he care for what was enforced in the giving. Better a free smile than a kiss bestowed to order. He saw now that she was hardly ready for many things he had it in his heart to say. He could wait. The readiness was there, only latent. He played with the hand and the ring while he was thinking these things.

But now all through the old house rang out the sweet bugle call; signal for luncheon. No bells, as has been remarked, were heard at Chickaree. Just a moment’s hesitation came over the young mistress, with visions of Dingee and possibilities of Mr. Falkirk, and one glance at her ring. Then she turned to Mr. Rollo, giving her timid invitation as she rose up. “You will come?” she said,—and fitted off quick to lead the way, having no sort of mind to go in state. Rollo followed more slowly, smiling to himself.

“Do you often have company from the cottage at this time?” he inquired when he had again caught up with Wych Hazel in the dining-room.

“Sometimes—but I gave Mr. Falkirk such a talk at breakfast that I shall hardly see him again before dinner. Dingee, where is the coffee? You know Mr. Rollo never touches chocolate.”

“Know *dat* sertain,” said Dingee; “but as’ Rollo come in so—”

“Go fetch the coffee,” said Hazel, cutting him short.

Rollo remarked as he seated himself at the table, that he “didn’t feel as if he could stand Mr. Falkirk to-day.”

“He is very much the same as on most days,” said Hazel. “I thought you always rather enjoyed ‘standing’ him, Mr. Rollo?”

“It is becoming necessary for me to make so many statements,” said Rollo, “that I am getting puzzled. I am very sorry for Mr. Falkirk. What sort of a talk did you give him?”

“Mr. Falkirk was so uncommonly glad to see me, that I should have been all sugar and cream if he had not beset me with business. As it was, I am afraid I—wasn’t.”

“Not my business?”

“Your business? The mills?”

“Our business then.”

“Hush!—No! I have not got any,” said Hazel, whose spirits and daring were beginning to stir just a little bit once more, though she felt a little frightened at herself when the words were out. “Mr. Falkirk wanted to know my sovereign pleasure about retaking the house we had last winter.”

“I am very sorry for Mr. Falkirk!” Rollo repeated gravely. “Do you think—by and by, when we have been married a year or two, and he is accustomed to it,—we could get him to come and make home with us?”

Hazel looked at him for a second, as if he took her breath away; but then she looked at nothing else—or did not see it, which came to the same thing,—for some time. Didgee appeared with baskets and bouquets, after the old fashion, which had grown to be an established one at Chickaree; and his mistress looked at them and ordered them away, and read the cards, and did not know what names she read. But in all the assortment of beauties there never a rose one bit sweeter or fresher than the face that bent down over them.

(To be continued.)

FAMOUS ENGLISH PRINTERS.

The better title would be “Famous Printers of English,” for many of Caxton’s successors were foreigners. And, perhaps, this may account for Caxton’s own persistency in announcing his own nationality. He learned his art abroad, and when he died it was chiefly foreign craftsmen who took it up and perpetuated it. And thus we get German, Norman, and Belgian names on the title-pages of the old volumes. In these early books the printer comes before us as an artist, and not as a craftsman. His work is often more interesting than his author. He became, in effect, a patron of literature. He had to make a good and wise selection, for the printing of a volume was no trifling investment. Thus printer and author go side by side, as publisher and author have gone in later days. Caxton and Chaucer are associated as indissolubly as Scott and Constable or Byron and Murray. Most of these old books were what we should call standard, and many of them were law books. Thus, William of Machlinia is chiefly known as the printer of the first edition of “Littleton’s Tenures.” It is a small folio volume, printed in a coarse gothic letter, without a date, but issued from their office, known to have been near All Hallows Church.

But the most eminent of Caxton’s successors was Wynkyn de Worde. He was probably an apprentice, certainly an assistant, of our English printer, worked with him at Westminster, and issued books from the same office after his death. Like Caxton, he was a master in his craft, and introduced many improvements in the new invention. His works are admirable for their neatness and elegance. He designed and cut his own punches, sinking them into matrices and casting his own letters. He was a man of enterprise as well as of taste and education. The catalogue of his issues is known to have included at least 508 examples, of which the most notable is the “Polychronicon.” As we have seen, William de Machlinia publishing the first edition of a law book, still quoted in our courts, so Wynkyn de Worde is associated with a school-book of which all scholars and students have at least heard. This is the famous “Lilye’s Grammar.” There is now no extant copy of the work with the printer’s name to it, but a contemporary work of Whittington was repeatedly printed by him. Indeed, most of his books are what we should call educational. Books were then printed for scholars, not for the circulating library, and De Worde’s catalogue is largely made of “Accidences,” “Lucidaries,” “Orchards of Words”—a phrase somewhat analogous to the Latin *anthologia*—and “Promptuaries for Little Children.”

A contemporary of De Worde, and a fellow workman with him in Caxton’s office, was Richard Pynson, a Norman by birth, and the introducer of that useful series of works which form the basis of subsequent “Year Books,” as they were called by him, and still retain his title. Here, again, we find education to be the chief motive of issue. The first treatise on arithmetic published in this country was printed by Pynson—the date 1522, the title “Libri de arte supputandi,” and the author one of the first mathematicians of the age, Tonstall, Bishop of London. Pynson styled himself “King’s Printer” on his title-pages, but though his successor held a patent, it is not believed that any previous right of that kind had been given by the Crown. The new art was, however, not to be confined to the capital. The men of letters in those days were the bishops and ecclesiastics, and soon all the great cities set up their printing offices and published their issues. But it is notable how the master printer was generally a foreigner. One of the most eminent of them was Peter de Triers, a native of the town now generally known as Trèves, who started his office at the south side of the Thames, where he published Latin works of Cato and Erasmus. From this time presses began to be freely set up. The universities—Canterbury, Norwich, Tavistock—became great centres of this kind of trade, and it is recorded that in 1538, when Cardinal Wolsey visited his native town, he commemorated the visit by establishing a printing-office at Ipswich.

Scotland soon followed in the wake of England, and Ireland came last. Ireland was in

fact the last European country—unless we can call Russia a European country in the 16th century—which received the art of printing. A volume of the Book of Common Prayer, printed in Dublin so late as 1551, is the first Irish book, and this was followed by a liturgy for the use of the Scottish Highlanders printed in the Irish character. The interest of these publications has been chiefly their antiquity. They are curious and archaeological. Clearness and beauty of type came afterwards. In that department our printers have certainly been surpassed by foreigners—Aldus, Elzevir, and even Didot being superior. One of our greatest names is John Baskerville, whose publications are still occasionally to be picked cheap on the London bookstalls. He was no tradesman in his craft, but spared neither pains nor money to make his work worthy of his name. Printing with him was in fact what Walter Shandy would have called his hobby-horse. He is said to have spent £600 before he could get a single letter which came up to his own standard of excellence, and he had invested thousands in the business before he could make it pay. In fact, with him it was not a business, but an art. He did not adopt it to make, but spend money already made. His issues have very much the same kind of excellence as compared with contemporary and subsequent prints that Josiah Wedgwood’s plates and vases have with reference to their modern rivals. He saw to everything himself. He manufactured his own printing ink, presses, moulds. Though he was a wealthy man he was not ashamed of the trade which he had adopted. In fact, it was not a trade for him, but an occupation. On the panels of his carriage he had caused to be painted a series of the different processes in printing. His chief excellence was in the construction of his italic letters. They are thought by judges to stand unrivalled for freedom and symmetry. Many of his books were printed from silver types, and thus gained a delicacy which makes the paper almost like vellum. We shall scarcely again have such a printer. The man was an eccentric; found his reward, not in what he made by his books, but in what he made them. He died at the beginning of this century, and ordered that he should be buried in his own garden, and his dying wish was respected. Since his day science has been busy in invention and its application to art, but his work holds its place still. We have had greater printers, but we have scarcely had better printed books.

ARTISTIC.

MR. MILLAIS has almost finished his portrait of Mr. Carlyle, and it is suggested that so important and interesting a work should be acquired by the trustees of the National Gallery for the nation.

THE excavations undertaken by the German Government in Olympus continue to give the most satisfactory results. The latest object found is a statue by Praxiteles: a Mercury in *chiton* holding under its arm a young Bacchus.

A DISTINGUISHED artist is painting for Baroness Burdett Coutts a series of sketches of Mr. Henry Irving in his various characters on the stage. The portraits of Mr. Irving in the *Courier of Lyons*, as seen in the shop windows, are very curious—the one on the right of the spectator reminds one of “Leech.”

AN interesting discovery has been made by the contractor for the erection of the buildings for the new cemetery at Keynsham. About three feet below the surface an ancient Roman floor was found intact. All the stones, which are of the white lias formation, are exactly an inch square, and appear to have been laid with a kind of cement, some of which is still adhering to the stones.

HUMOROUS.

ONE of the most common spectacles on the street just now is a young man with a long duster, a carpet-bag, and some borrowed money, speeding away to spend his vacation in the country.

THE gleam of joy that illumines a man’s face as he feels in his vest-pocket and thinks he has got just one match left to light his cigarette with, is only equalled by the look of dire despair that settles upon his brow when he finds that that match is only a second-hand toothpick.

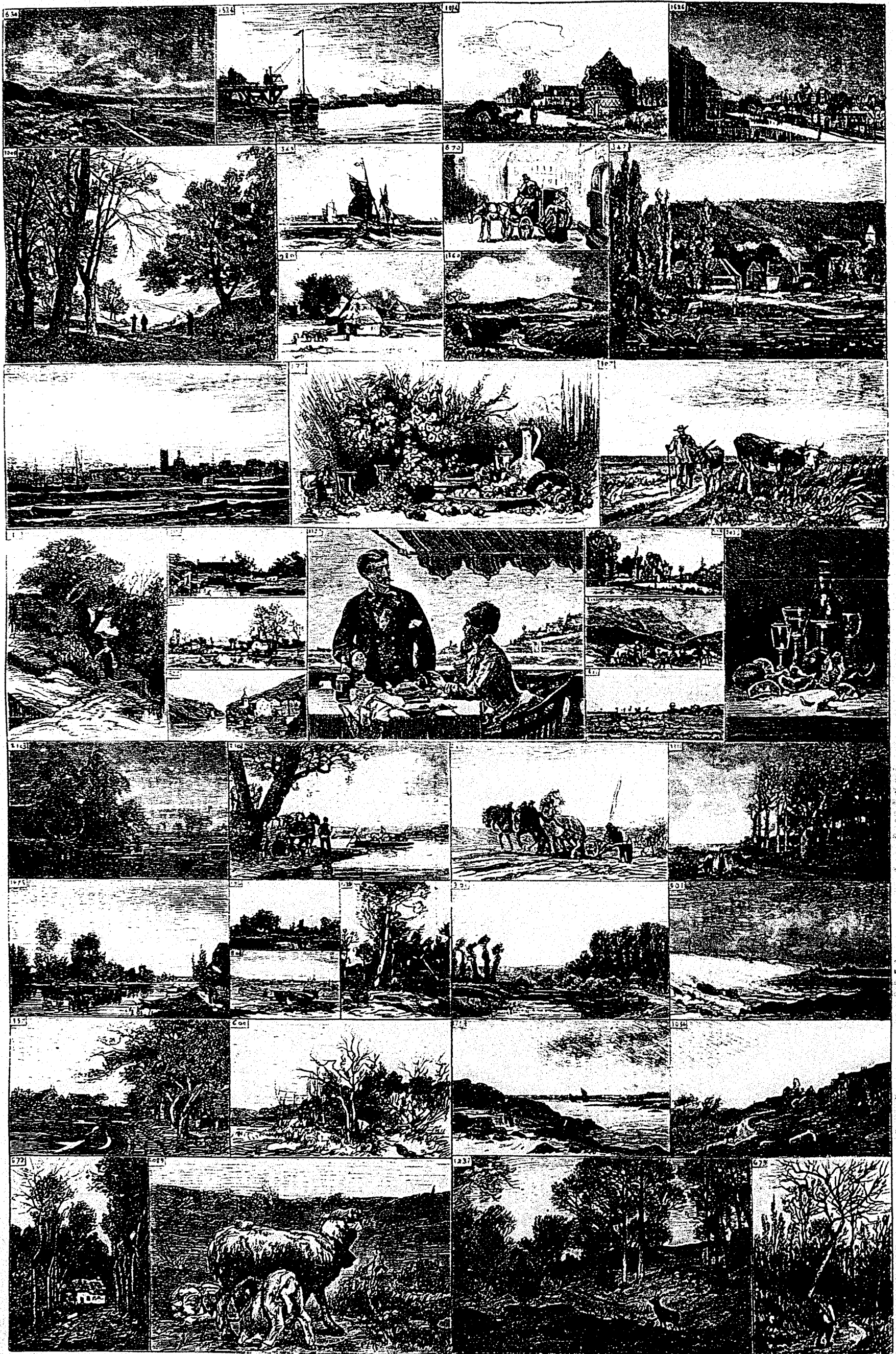
A SPLENDID item about a man getting kicked all to pieces by a horse recently, was utterly spoiled by the carelessness of the man himself, who climbed into the haymow and stayed there until the horse quit kicking, and yet a cold world may blame the reporter for this.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

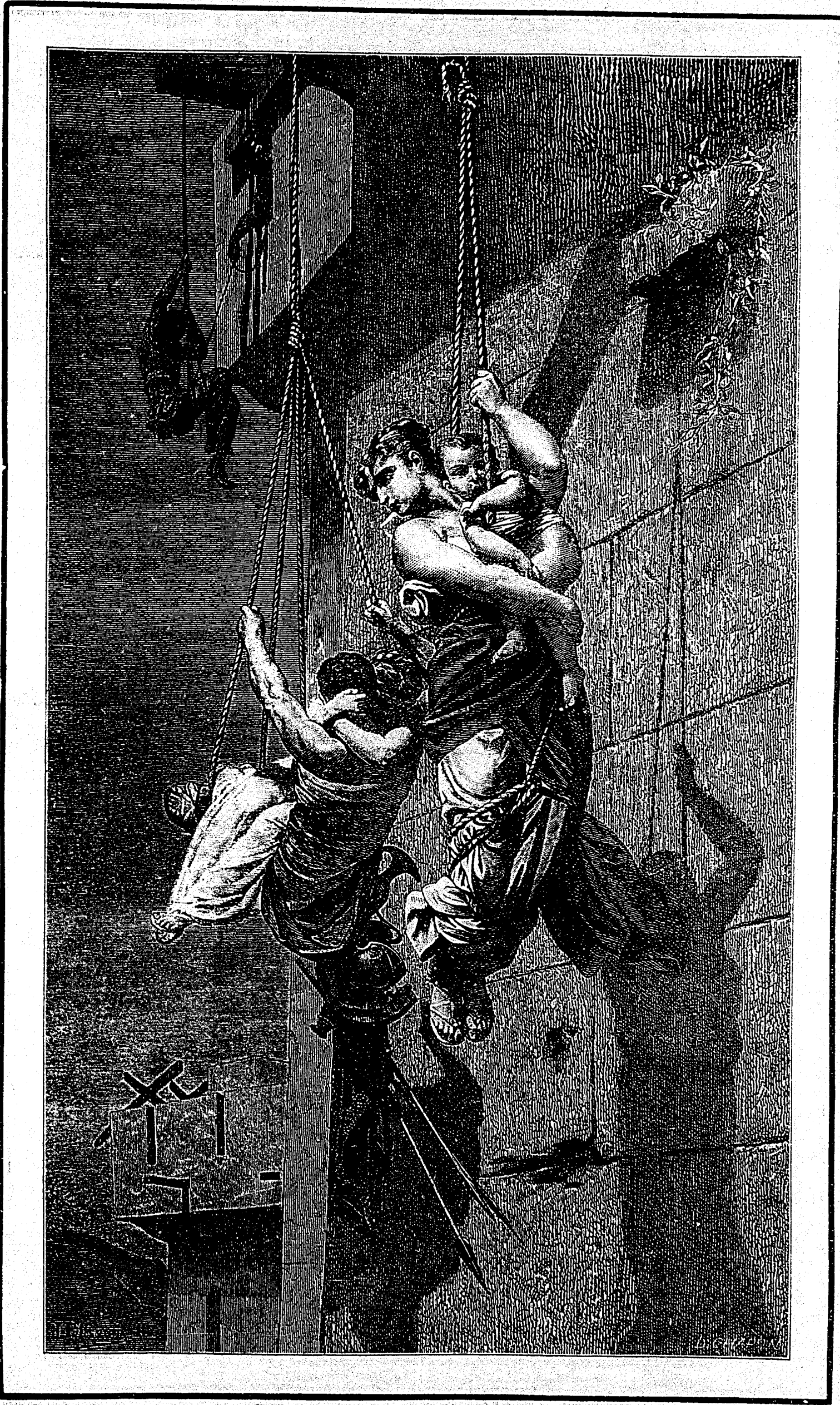
The *Canadian Illustrated News* keeps up the mark it has already made as, not merely the only illustrated weekly published in the Dominion, but one of the best in the world. The number for last week contains a full family group, “Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the members of the Royal Family.” Every one desirous of possessing this magnificent picture should order the *Illustrated News* of last week.—*Short-ruke Gazette*.

“No need of having a gray hair in your head,” as those who use *Luby’s Parisian Hair Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.

HEARING RESTORED.—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. JNO. GARRICK, Lock-box 905, Covington, Ky.



A GALAXY OF LANDSCAPES — FROM THE FRENCH SALON.



ESCAPE OF THE CAPTIVES.—FROM A PAINTING BY GLAIZE.

CROSSING THE DANUBE.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

Hark to the feet of the giant
Riving the forest asunder!
Dawn from the north-land defiant,
Hark to the roar of the myriads!
Over the ramparts and bastions
Booms the battle in thunder.

Stamboul! thou that hast drunken
Of the best blood of thy princes,
Lo! how thy glories are shrunken!
Who, like Thyestes, hast feasted,
Now the death shadows close round thee,
Who for thee pity evinces!

Thou that didst gloat on the nations,
Boasting, "All these for my booty—
These for my sword's spoiliations!"
Lo! how the nations are standing
Far aloof, watching thy anguish,
Saying, "Be slain in thy beauty!"

Hearken! from Hellas—what city
Reaches an arm to defend thee?
Once she implored thee for pity—
Thou that didst blind her and scourge her,
Thou that didst rend like a vulture,
Now shall the black vulture rend thee.

Hearken! from Scio they reach thee,
Voices far over the waters.
Once did she pray thee—beseech thee,
Now may she enjoy in her vengeance;
Has she forgotten her children
Slain in thy pitiless slaughters?

See! where Albania's valley
Slopes toward the blue ocean vastness,
Fiercely the mountaineers rally.
Bristles each crag with their carbines,
Flashes each cliff with their bayonets,
Hurled are thy hosts from their fastness.

Soon through Bulgaria's bosom
Will the hot breath of the fiery
Musketry blight the spring blossom,
Soon will the eagles of Hæmus,
Scenting the near coming battle,
Swoop with a scream from their eyrie.

Lurid and blighting the crescent
Rose in the night of the ages,
Dropping its bale-dews incessant,
Whereas it shone on the peoples,
There crept the terror that killeth—
There swept the madness that rages.

Shorn of its beams—lo! it waneth
Saved by no weird incantations.
Never its light it regaineth;
For the broad beams of the morning,
Golden with sunlight of freedom,
Rise on the eager-eyed nations.

—N. Y. Home Journal.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

V.

THE MACKEREL AND SALMON QUESTION—AN ILLINOIS JUDGE THEREON—PERCÉ—PASPEBIAC.

We have now smelt salt water for close on thirty-six hours; the breakfast bell is just tolling merrily—glad tidings to all. Down to the lower saloon, young and old hurry—equal all to the emergency. Some fat mackerel, fresh salmon and cod, which but a few hours previous were roaming heedless tenants of the "vast deep," thanks to the art of that eminently respected individual, the cook, some in flat dishes, some in deep platters, ornament the table, flanked with French rolls, corn cake, crisp toast, spring butter, the whole rendered savory and fragrant by the steam of two huge urns of Mocha and Souchong. The bracing sea breeze, a cloudless sky, that irresistible overpowering feeling, which permeates those committed to the briny ocean, has instilled a new life. In silence we sit, in silence we devour. The crusty old captain exchanges a silent nod of recognition around; at one glance I take in the situation, we are there to act, not to talk. To my right sits a very tall, very dignified old judge, from Illinois; thrice his plate is pushed forward for provender, thrice it returns, well freighted with that incomparable mackerel. At last, His Honor looks round complacently; some await, as if they expected from him a deeply pondered judgment on some interesting point of international law—the Fishery question, possibly, under a new aspect; the suspense is of but short duration. The ermined sage, after stroking twice in a measured manner, a bushy, snow-white beard, straightens to its full height his herculean frame, and in a grave but silvery tone of voice, thus addresses his neighbour: "What would the parched up, asthmatic occupant of an inland city give for such a feast—for an hour of such a journey? Sir, I feel transformed; I am now a new, a better man, I hope." Why, sir," he added, "a child even, might now play with my beard;" he rose, took a pinch of snuff, and disappeared. So impressive on us had been the dignified bearing, fine countenance and athletic proportions of the grand old Judge, that the merest familiarity with his silvery beard, such as he intimated, on behalf of a child, would have seemed to one and all sacrilege.

On we steamed, past that picturesque low rocky ledge, "Plato," opposite Point Peters; in less than one hour, the swift blockade runner was under the lee of the frowning Percé Rock.

The Percé Rock is one of the most remarkable objects that meet the eye of the mariner or traveller along the entire Canadian seaboard. To the former it is an excellent beacon, and is one of those extraordinary monuments of the Omnipotent Architect, which, once seen, can never be forgotten. Its name of Percé, properly Le

Rocher Percé, or the Pierced Rock, is not derived from the hole now seen, which was very small a few years ago, but from that which formerly existed, forming the space between the Rock and its outward watch tower. The arch gave way with a terrific crash in June, 1846, and this is now called the Split. The present "Hole in the Wall" forms a perfect arch, being about sixty feet in height by eighty in width. At low water you can walk through and scan its mighty proportions, at high water fishing boats can pass through. The Rock is composed of mottled yellowish and reddish limestone (supposed to belong to the upper Silurian age), which is gradually yielding to the devastating power of the elements. Its base is accessible, at low water, on the south side, to foot passengers, who can walk the entire length to the Split. But on the opposite side the water is so deep that a line-of-battle ship could run stern on. It is distant some 200 yards from Mount Joli, on the mainland, and is about 300 feet high at this part. Its length is about 1,400 feet, its breadth, at the widest part, 300 feet. It is nearly perpendicular on all sides, and may, therefore, be considered inaccessible; but in 1818, Messrs. Moriarty and Dugay, two residents in the village, undertook the dangerous ascent, and having gained the summit, a strong rope was well secured thereon by means of which the ascent was again made during several years, for the purpose of cutting the long grass which grows on the top. The grass, being made up into bundles, was lowered into boats anchored below, and as much as three tons of hay were thus obtained annually. A by-law was ultimately passed by the Magistrates prohibiting the ascent, in consequence of a man having lost his life while making the perilous attempt.

A remarkable feature connected with the Rock is its being the resort, during the summer months, of vast numbers of sea-fowl, who make their nests on the summit; and in July and August, when the young are fledged, and the parent birds have returned in the evening from their foraging excursions, the whole surface of the rock literally swarms with thousands of birds, making a most discordant noise, which can be heard at a distance of several miles, and in dark nights or foggy weather, warns the mariner of his proximity to Percé. Captain Davidson, formerly of the steamer *Lady Hood*, subsequently of the *Secret*, has often gratified his passengers by firing a gun whilst passing. This causes a perfect cloud of gulls, gannets, cormorants, &c., to rise, and set up the most discordant and unearthly yells and screams imaginable. Each successive fall the feathered occupants of Percé Rock abandon their birth-place for some milder region, returning with the first indications of spring. Their arrival is always hailed with pleasure by the inhabitants of the locality, who are thus assured of the speedy disappearance of the ice and snow, by which they have been surrounded during the previous five months.

Surveyor-General Bouchette, in his topographical description of Lower Canada, published in 1814, speaking of Percé, says:—

"Very near the southerly point of Mal Bay there is a remarkable rock, rising about two hundred feet out of the water, and about twelve hundred feet in length, in which there are three arches completely wrought by nature: the centre one is sufficiently large to allow a boat under sail to pass through it with ease."

Abbe Ferland, in his journal of a Voyage on the shores of Gaspé, observes that "every thing would seem to indicate that in bygone ages the Rock and Mount Joli were united by similar arches, an opinion confidently expressed by Denys, who visited this spot more than two centuries back. At the period of his first visit, there was only one arch. But when he returned many years after, he found that the sea had scooped out two others, one of which, he says, disappeared through the crumbling away of a part of the rock. Percé is an awkward place to stop at for steamers or sailing vessels—and very difficult of access for them, when high easterly winds prevail. We have described it fully elsewhere. We are now fast approaching the famous Kingdom of the Robins and Le Boutillier's at Paspebiac—and shall allow the able historiographer of this curious land, Mr. Pye, to give us a photo of it:—

"In 1766, Mr. Charles Robin, the founder of the firm of Charles Robin & Co., first came to these shores, and explored the Bay Chaleurs, in a small brig called the *Seaflower*. Some Quebec houses were already established, and Mr. Robin entered into business in conjunction with Mr. William Smith, an agent of one of the Quebec firms. Two years later the failure of the Quebec houses obliged Mr. Smith to leave the country. At this period, Percé, Bonaventure Island, and the whole of the Gaspé coast were a wilderness.

On the 11th of June, 1788, two American privateers plundered Mr. Robin's stores of all his goods and furs, and seized his vessels, the *Bee* and *Hope*, which were at the time moored on Paspebiac roads. The latter vessel, which had on board fourteen hundred quintals of dry codfish, he never saw again. But the former, containing part of the plunder, was recaptured, together with the privateers, in the Restigouche, by His Majesty's ships *Hunter* and *Piper*. To the captains of these vessels Mr. Robin had to pay one-eighth of the value of the recovered ship and cargo as salvage. This untoward event caused Mr. Robin to return to Jersey, and it was only in 1793, that he again visited Paspebiac, his vessels sailing under the French flag. From this period, prosperity crowned his efforts, and he gradually extended his business. In

1802 he finally left the country, placing his nephews, Mr. James Robin, in charge at Paspebiac, and Mr. Philip Robin at Percé. The former of these gentlemen, who succeeded his uncle in the management of the business, was the father of Mr. Charles William Robin, the present head of the firm.

Previous to visiting this coast, Mr. Charles Robin had established a business in Arichat, Cape Breton, under the name of Philip Robin & Co., which still exists.

The firm of Charles Robin & Co., have now four fishing establishments on this coast—Paspebiac, Percé, Grand River, and Newport; and also another at Carquette, on the New Brunswick side. Of codfish, the yearly exports of these establishments from Canada alone, are from 40 to 50,000 quintals of dry fish, which are distributed in the Mediterranean, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and West India Ports. The agents and clerks are all natives of the Island of Jersey, and generally commence their apprenticeship at from fourteen to fifteen years of age. The head agent or manager of the business resides at Paspebiac, and the first who succeeded Mr. Robin's nephews, the late principals, was Mr. Fruing, the present senior partner of the firm of Messrs. Wm. Fruing & Co. The following are the names of Mr. Fruing's successors in the management of the business: John Gosset, Isaac Hilgrove Gosset, John Hardely, John Fauret, Elias De La Perrelle, Félix Briard, and Moses F. Gibaud, who is the present manager. The vessels required for the purpose of carrying their fish to market are built from time to time at Paspebiac. They own generally from 18 to 20 sail, coasters included. Not only do they build their vessels at Paspebiac, but they have their own smith's forge, sail loft, block makers, riggers, &c.

On the approach of winter, the agent, clerks, and various mechanics employed, remove from the beach to their winter premises, on the mainland, where they have a most comfortable residence, together with a large carpenter's shop, &c. They have also a farm with barn and necessary outbuildings.

THE GLEANER.

MR. TENNYSON has recently had a windfall, in the shape of a large estate in Lincolnshire.

It is reported that the Marquis of Lorne is about to be raised to the peerage, and the report in all probability is well founded.

Two thousand American firms have already made arrangements to be represented at the Paris Exposition next year.

If you go in swimming and get cramps in the leg, turn your toes toward the knee. Some one says that the movement gives instant relief.

In a ladies' school near Frome, the pupils are allowed to play cricket. They have a special dress for the purpose, and the best cricketers are said to be the best scholars.

A NOVELTY is the Salisbury cricket. It is a golden garter for the head; it raises and confines the hair, but shows the natural shape of the head instead of hiding it.

DR. SCHLIEMANN has spent a considerable time during his busy life in America. He calls St. Louis "the pearl of cities," and New York "the most wonderful city in the world."

A LATE invention is a duplex, unpickable and uncuttable pocket. It consists of a double pocket secured inside the ordinary one, and this again secured by a watch-fastener, to which chains are attached and sewn inside. A little armour-plating is all that is wanted for complete defence, except the pickpocket is provided with a torpedo.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHAT is society, after all, but a mixture of mister-ies and miss-eries?

YOUNG ladies are like an arrow. they can't be got off without a beau.

WOMEN never truly command till they have given their promise to obey.

AN American editor heads his list of marriages, "*Noose of the week*."

It is useless to bid young men and women bear bravely up; they are always losing heart.

AN old maid, who hates the male sex venomously, cut a female acquaintance recently, who complimented her on the buoyancy of her spirits.

A MAN of rank, hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, asked, "Did they call each other ugly?"—"No."—"Well, well; I shall soon reconcile them."

AN Iowa paper gives a thrilling account of the effort of a young man to take home a widow and three swarms of bees at the same time in a wagon.

"My dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, as she reached up her little mouth to be kissed on his return from business, "have you seen the magnificent set of walnut furniture which the Jenkinses have just bought?"—"Hem! no, my love; but I have seen the bill, which quite satisfies me."

A GIRL screamed in a lecture audience in Lafayette, Oregon. Then all the other girls screamed. General consternation ensued, and a rush was made for the doors, people were bruised, clothes torn, and the room at length

was emptied. The first screamer had seen a rat.

An old gentleman had three daughters, all of whom were marriageable. A young fellow went wooing the youngest, and finally got her consent to take him "for better or worse." Upon application to the old gentleman for his consent, he flew into violent rage, declaring that no man should "pick his daughters in that way," and if he wished to marry one of his family, he might have the oldest, or leave the house forthwith.

THE entire female portion of one of the New Bedford schools are engaged to be married, within three months after graduating.

"Just my luck," said a waiting-maid, sadly. "Here I am in a family where every one has a love affair on hand and leaves letters lying about opened, and I can't read."

Now home comes the "sweet girl graduate," and takes off her robes of symbolic white and her accompanying smile of ineffable sweetness, and it is at once touching and beautiful to see how readily she enters upon the monotonous round of domestic duties; and boxes her little brother's ears, and scoops the bulk of the strawberries, and tells her little sister to wash the dishes, just as sweetly and unaffectedly as if she hadn't studied Greek and Latin, and as many ologies as she is years old. Who says our girls are spoiled by a college education?

CROSS HUSBANDS AND SCOLDING WIVES.

"Domestic infelicity," which newspaper reporters nowadays credit with playing such an important part in life's drama, is often the result of lingering or chronic disease. What husband or wife can be cheerful, smiling, and pleasant, when constantly suffering from the tortures of some dread disease? Perhaps the husband's liver becomes torpid, and he experiences bitter, disagreeable taste or nausea, has chilly sensations, alternating with great heat and dryness of the surface of his body, pain in his sides, shoulders, or back, eyes and skin are tinged with yellow, feels dull, indisposed, and dizzy. Through his suffering he becomes gloomy, despondent, and exceedingly irritable in temper. Instead of resorting to so reliable a remedy, as a few small doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets, and following up their action with the use of Golden Medical Discovery, to work the billary poison out of the system and purify the blood, if he play the part of a "peevish and pound foolish" man he will attempt to economize by saving the small cost of these medicines. Continuing to suffer, his nervous system becomes impaired, and he is fretful and peevish—a fit subject to become embroiled in "domestic infelicity." Or the good wife may, from her too laborious duties or family cares, have become subject to such chronic affections as are peculiarly incident to her sex, and being reduced in blood and strength, suffer from backache, nervousness, headache, internal fever, and enduring pains too numerous to mention, she may become peevish and fretful—anything but a genial helpmate. In this deplorable condition of ill-health, should she act wisely and employ Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, it will in due time, by its cordial, tonic and nerve properties, restore her health and transform her from the peevish, scolding, irritable-tempered invalid to a happy, cheerful wife. Laying aside levity and speaking seriously, husbands and wives, you will find the Family Medicines above mentioned reliable and potent remedies. For full particulars of their properties and uses, see Pierce's Memorandum Book, which is given away by all druggists.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Many thanks for two letters and their acceptable contents; also for problem, which shall have early insertion.

J. B., Montreal.—Check on the first move in a problem is objected to by many, but some very good positions begin with a discovered check, as we will show in a future column.

In the *Westminster Papers* for June we find the usual amount of Chess intelligence from all parts of the world, and congratulate ourselves that the noble game is to such an extent so well appreciated, and that there is a journal whose business is to record so fully its widely spread proceedings. London, and its suburbs, Croydon, Hull, &c., in England, France, Germany, New York, Sydney, and even Montreal, in this Canada of ours, all come in for a share of notice. In it, also, there is the usual amount of problems, and games, and end-games, the latter the legacy of the late Herr Lowenthal, who, not undeservedly, has the good word of all chess players, and this not altogether from his skill as a player, which admits of no denial.

The *Huddersfield Magazine* for June devotes a portion of its space to Montreal Chess news, and, also, gives a very interesting account of the annual meeting of the West Yorkshire Chess Association, in describing which the writer very graphically tells an anecdote containing a moral that might be useful in other places than Yorkshire.

The remarks on English Problem Masters are well worth careful study, especially by those who wish to obtain a good knowledge of Chess literature; and the Chess jottings will be found agreeable to all.

Land and Water every week adds a valuable column of chess to its other important matters, and in games and problems has a strong claim upon the notice of the chess-player both at home and abroad.

Mr. Bird is still at New York, and intends publishing another work on chess. We understand that he has had many promises of support in his undertaking, both here and in the United States.

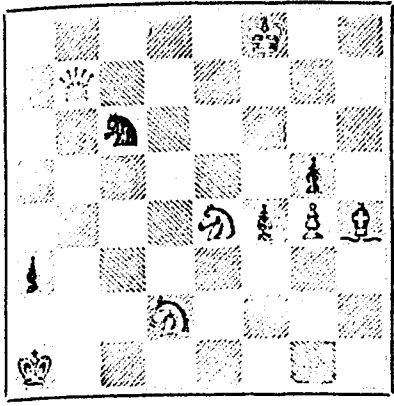
Mr. J. W. Shaw of the Montreal Chess Club will be glad to receive the names of subscribers. We need hardly say that Mr. Bird's name is a sufficient guarantee that the work, like the Chess Masterpieces, of the same author, will be an excellent addition to a player's library.

PROBLEM No. 131.

By G. E. GRIMSHAW.

(From "English Chess Problems.")

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 18710.

Played at London, Eng., some time ago, between Mr. Red and Mr. Lord.

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE—(Mr. Lord.)

1. P to K 4
2. K to K B 3
3. B to K 5
4. K takes K
5. Castles
6. P to Q 3
7. P to K B 4
8. B to R 4
9. Q to R 5
10. P to B 5
11. P takes K P
12. Q takes Q
13. K to Q 2
14. P to K 7
15. K to B 3
16. B to K K 5
17. P to Q R 3
18. B to K B 6
19. Q to R K 5
20. P to K 6
21. B takes Q P
22. P to Q B 4
23. P takes P
24. B takes R P
25. K to R 5
26. R to R 3
27. P takes R
28. K to K 2
29. P to K 4
30. B takes R
31. K to B 7
32. B to B 6
33. B takes B
34. P to K B 4
35. B to Q 4
36. P to K 4
37. B takes R
38. K to B 7
39. B to B 6
40. B takes B
41. P to K B 4
42. B to Q 4
43. P to K 5
44. B P takes P
45. K to Q 2
46. P to K R 5
47. B takes P

BLACK—(Mr. Bird.)

1. P to K 4
2. K to Q B 3
3. K to Q 5
4. P takes K
5. B to B 4
6. B to K 2
7. P to Q B 3
8. P to Q 4
9. Q to Q 3
10. P to K R 3
11. Q takes K P
12. R P takes Q
13. B to K 3
14. R to R 4
15. Castles
16. R to K 5
17. B to K K 5
18. K to K 5
19. B takes K
20. B to Q 3
21. B to B 2
22. B to K 2
23. P to K R 4
24. R takes R P
25. P takes P
26. K to R 3
27. K takes Q
28. Q R to R 2
29. K R takes R
30. K to K 4
31. R to K 2
32. B takes P
33. K to Q 6
34. K to B 5 (ch)
35. K takes R
36. B to Q 5
37. K takes B
38. K to K 2
39. K to B 3 (ch)
40. K to K 4
41. P takes P
42. P checks
43. P to K 5
44. P takes P

Drawn game.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 129.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to Q 6 | 1. Q takes Q (ch) |
| 2. K to Q B 5 (double) | 2. K takes K |
| 3. B to K 4 mate. | |

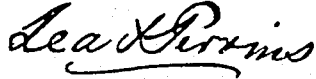
(There are other variations.)

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 128.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to Q R 4 (ch) | 1. K takes B |
| 2. P mates. | |

White to play and mate in four moves.

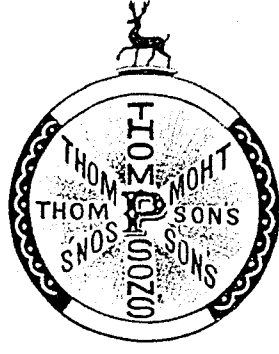
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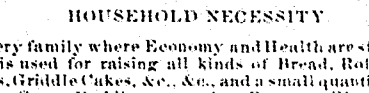
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